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Instruction is offered in Day and Evening Classes in academic and vocational courses of study. All day Courses provide a liberal education in English. Mathematics, Science, History and Geography. Additional subjects are offered to suit the requirements of the student. The following notes will be found helpful and should afford guidance to parents and pupils.

ACADEMIC COURSES—These prepare candidates for entrance to the Normal Schools, the Universities, and Professional Schools. Attendance for four years or more is required to complete these courses.

VOCATIONAL COURSES—These prepare boys and girls for commercial, business, industrial and home making pursuits. The program of the Commercial Course requires three years for its completion. Special Courses in commercial subjects may be completed in one year by students who have the equivalent of two or more years of work in other departments. Technical and industrial Courses are offered in Drafting, Machine Shop Practice, Woodworking, Auto Mechanics and Electricity. The Practical Arts Course for girls prepares for scientific home management and includes Dressmaking, Millinery, Home Nursing, Cooking, and Applied Art. Three or more years attendance is recommended for all day pupils.

CONDITIONS OF ADMISSION

The Entrance Certificate or its equivalent is required for all regular courses. Under special conditions pupils with Senior Fourth Book standing may be admitted to a preliminary course in the Technical Department if judged able to undertake the work.

EVENING CLASSES

Evening classes will open in October and continue until the end of March. During 1926-27 instruction was given in the following subjects:—

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Other courses of vocational value may be opened upon application, provided there is a sufficient enrolment.

Enrolment takes place during the first week in October. Nominal fees are charged for the Night Classes.

All courses offered have the approval of the Provincial Department of Education.

ROSS W. GRAY,

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F. C. ASBURY, Principal.

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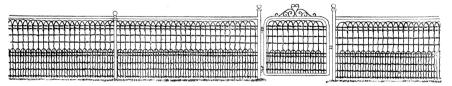
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W. E. McNEILL, M.A., Ph.D., Registrar.

THE COLLEGIATE

Published under the Auspices of the S.C.I. Literary Society



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Dedication



In recognition of his autstanding services during the planning and building of the school, and appreciation of his constant and unfailing support of every activity of the student body, whether academic, literary or athletic, we respectfully dedicate this publication of the Collegiate to

Mr. W. T. Coodison, M.P.

Member of the Board of Education 1917-1926 Chairman of the Board 1925-1926 Sincere Friend of the S.C.I. & T.S.

In Memoriam



William Cannard

Hend Janitor S.C.J. & T.S., Sept. 1922-Feb. 1927 Died Feb. 26, 1927

In appreciation of one who, in courtesy, thoroughness and debotion to duty, was an example to all.

FOREWORD

Two short months will bring us to the end of another school year—the fifth in the life of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School as we now know it. Only a scant half dozen of the present students of the school received any of their high school training in the "Old Collegiate" on London Road. So secondary schooling is bound up with our present institution.

Now the "Collegiate" is a product—and a worthy one—of the Old School, and, since now its hundreds of student readers belong, as it were, to the second stage of its history, it may not be out of place to call to mind one or two facts in connection

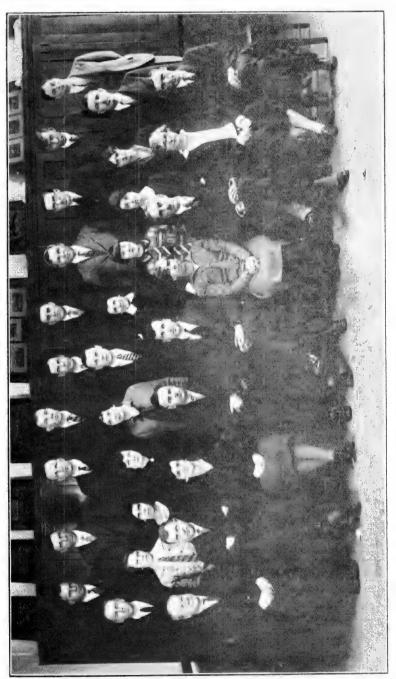
with the beginnings of its existence.

The Fall Term of 1914 was a time of excitement, uncertainty and dread. The summer had seen the outbreak of war; the fall brought hopes and fears, rumours and counter-rumours. recruiting and leave-taking; the very antithesis of that condition of peace and order essential to successful academic work. Yet, amid the confusion of it all, one duty seemed to stand out clear to the students of that year. Boys were leaving almost dailyboys whose thoughts of study and play centred in the Sarnia Collegiate Institute. Were they home, they would either be playing on the rugby team or, as students or graduates, cheering its members on to victory. Every incident of the daily life of the school would be of intense, though often transient, importance. What more natural, than the thought that this life should be portraved for these absent ones in the pages of a school magazine,—and so The Collegiate was born. Right well did it fulfill its mission. The dullest imagination, surely, must be kindled to some glow of life by the thought of what this Chronicle af their old school must have meant to the boys who had stepped from its portals into the service of the Empire.

Such, then, was the inception of the magazine whose pages we read to-day—when for most of us the world war is an ugly memory—or perhaps not even that—just a rather

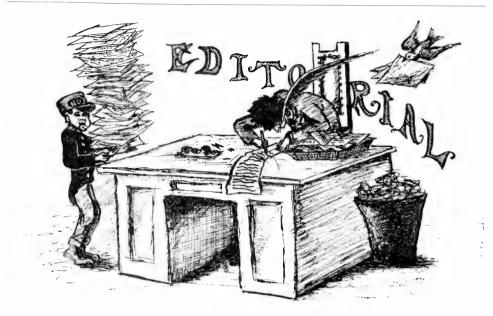
recent event in our history text.

But still the Collegiate fulfills its function of portraying the year's life of the school—a life replete with varied interests —academic, literary, athletic, social. And still the "Collegiate" staff is striving year by year to present a more finished portrayal of all these activities. Only by a constant and conscious effort to make each succeeding issue better than its predecessor is the standard of quality kept at the high level reached in preceding vears. For there is no standing still—it is either advance or retreat. "Sic iter ad astra." Students of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School, you who read these pages—there lies the real significance of your magazine's achievements: there the real meaning of your school's time-honored motto: "Sic iter ad astra"—the road to the stars means constant endeavour: no royal road to learning is set before you; no easy path to victory whether in class room or on campus. Your school's motto -vour school's traditions call for your best endeavor. See to it that, whether as pupil or graduate, you prove yourself worthy F. C. ASBURY. of your Alma Mater.



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LAST WORDS OF THE EDITOR

This year, as usual, we have succeeded in producing the "Collegiate two or three weeks later than intended. Whatever the cause, we will not assume full responsibility for we feel that the pupils have only themselves to blame. The fact should be kept in mind that this is a school magazine, made possible by co-operation and contributions. Do not expect the staff to write all the material or you will find the magazine sadly lacking in originality.

There is one thing we should like to suggest as a means of avoiding the last minute rush which has been characteristic of this publication since its inauguration. It is that the organization of the staff for the magazine should be made earlier in the school year. By doing this a record of school activities could be more easily kept and the students unhampered by examinations would be able to make a better effort in contributing. Details could be more efficiently dealt with and the work, begun at an early date, would be gradually accomplished without that disorganized attempt of the last week. If this were done the material could all be organized and completed, ready for printing, without throwing too much work on the few in the last days of the term.

The magazine is perhaps the most democratic institution in the school. Every department, and every pupil of the school has an opportunity to do something for it. Unfortunately opportunity has knocked in vain in many cases. However, it is a developer of the literary students, those with journalistic ambition and those of practical tendencies, who find a field for their work on the business and advertising staff. The purpose of this school magazine is to foster school spirit and to represent the best traditions of the S.C.I. & T.S. It has been our aim to produce a magazine which would fulfill this end and be of interest not only to the student body but also the alumni and others who are interested in our school activities.

Nearly all school magazines have come to realize the necessity for advertising to make the publication a financial success. So we too have adopted that slogan of all school papers—"Patronize our advertisers," for it is only their good will that enables us to have a magazine. Nevertheless, we feel

that our magazine makes excellent local advertising since our circulation, which has been raised to 1300 copies, reaches at least a thousand families in the city. Please read the advertisements, many of which have been written by students on the advertising staff, and mention the "Collegiate" when

buving.

We are indebted to many people for this magazine. First of all we thank our advertisers who made it financially possible. Then we thank the magazine staff for their work and co-operation with the editors and the students who contributed. In every case we were not able to use their work but we appreciate their work for the "Collegiate." We owe much also to the teachers who acted in an advisory capacity, and generously aided us with excellent suggestions. We appreciate also the work of Mr. Whitcombe, the printer, to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for his careful attention to the details of the printing and his splendid advice in the organization of the magazine. We hope that the 1927 edition of the "Collegiate" will maintain the high standard set by previous publications.

AQUATICS

There still seems to be a feeling prevalent in the school that acquatics is merely a minor sport. In a city the size of Sarnia and situated as it is, near Lake Huron, there is naturally a large number of swimmers attending the Collegiate. Consequently there should be no difficulty in organizing strong teams of both girls and boys. Once formed such teams would find ready competitors in London, Brantford, Windsor, Walkerville, Detroit and even Toronto.

The S.C.I. & T.S. possesses one of the best swimming pools in Canada and considering this fact there is surprisingly little use of the tank. Such activity as does take place is merely in the nature of a few dives and a little splashing around that cannot be dignified by beng called a swim. There is very little done along the line of organized aquatic sport with the exception of the annual aquatic meet. The majority of the students evince a most deplorable lack of interest. The Board of Education installed the pool and its attendant equipment at great cost so why not take every opportunity of using their gift?

As a health promoter, swimming is advocated by most athletic coaches. Many of the famous aquatic stars first took up swimming in an endeavour to improve their health. Annette Kellerman, who was a very weakly girl, learned to swim on her doctor's advice and in time was acclaimed as one of the world's greatest swimmers. The first woman to swim the Catalina Channel was advised by her doctor to learn to swim for her health.

A large number of students who have athletic tendencies, but whose lack of weight or height prohibits them from playing rugby or basketball should naturally turn to swimming. In aquatics lack of size is no handicap as the majority of the tank celebrities of both Canada and the United States are of medium height and slender build. Practically every muscle of the body is used in swimming and consequently a swimmer has smooth, yet hard muscles and is active and graceful. There is much variety in water sports that the field is not crowded and some new and hitherto unknown swimmer is continually coming into prominence.

It is rather late to do anything this year but next year those who are interested should form a Swimming Club in September and give to this sport the place it deserves on the schools list of activities. There is hardly any limit to the scope of a properly organized aquatic club, so let the S.C.I. & T.S. take a step forward and place swimming on a par with its

other sports.

CONVENTION OF EDITORS OF COLLEGIATE PUBLICATIONS

The first Annual Convention of Editors of Collegiate Publications was the first convention of its kind in Ontario and in the last week of October 1926 the plan was inaugurated and the first convention called in Toronto. The unanimous response by the various Secondary Schools of the province bids well to make the plan a complete success. Whether or not it will be, remains to be seen. The scheme was a culmination of an idea put forward by the Sigma Delta Chi Press fraternity, the Women's Press Club and the extension Bureau of the Toronto University. The underlying idea of the Convention seemed to be in improving the magazines issued by the students in secondary schools. But there were a great many delegates from schools about to publish their first magazine and whether or not they retained much learning from the mass of technical detail and discussion is another matter of much conjecture. But there was one way in which not one of the one hundred and seventy-two delegates failed to gain. That was in a general way, an almost complete knowledge of how a magazine is published from the very start to the very last. The discussion enabled delegates to learn how other schools bridged difficult problems, how to approach advertisers, and in what ways with no lessening of the quality, the cost of production could be lowered. Then, too, the visitors were given frequent insights into the production of great dailies and one of Canada's greatest magazines and from the rapid fire precision of a great daily the necessity of mechanical perfection was made apparent. Another feature stressed by the convention was that every editor and associate editor have at least a working idea of what goes on in a printer's office when they have left their copy. To this end several talks were given on illustrating and engraving printing but, the odds are very much against anyone getting much out of such an amount of purely technical detail.

The sponsors of the Convention hit upon a splendid idea in connection with the usual meetings which was in truth a glorious banquet at Hart House. Apart from all physical delight the "cameradie" experienced at that banquet, the new friends met, the old acquaintances re-met, tended to put the morale of the delegates up 100%. Here too the boys indulged in a great deal of comment on their respective publications. One says "well we do so and so" and the other replies "we used to do that too but we have got what we think a better way" and so but from discussion of this sort comes the kind of knowledge that strikes right home and is remembered because it bears directly on your publication and not by a round about route.

In a summary the chief advantages of the convention are firstly, the knowledge of the underlying principles of magazine work, secondly, how others do it and what could be improved in yours, thirdly, the meeting of other delegates, subsequent exchanges and consequent improvement. It is in these three ways and not much in carefully analysed detail or technical knowledge that made the Convention a success and it is for these three ways that every delegate declared without hesitation that the Convention was a success and it is for those three reasons that they will boost the Convention and in 1927 send back to Toronto the biggest representation yet achieved.

WHERE'S OUR BASKETBALL TEAM?

After you have looked through this magazine you may or may not notice the fact that the picture of the basketball team is missing. On the surface this may seem of slight significance yet in reality it is of vital importance to a large number of the students at school to-day and those who are going to attend this school in the near future. The reason is, that

we never had a basketball team competing in the W.O.S.S.A. Why? Because there was not a sufficient number of boys who were interested in basketball that had attained a percentage of fifty in their academic work.

The officials of the W.O.S.S.A. are to be commended on introducing this splendid ruling for high school athletics, and if taken in the right way it should be of inestimable value. It is nothing new to interscholastic sports, for nearly every university to-day makes it necessary for a student wishing to take part in games to attain a certain grade in his studies, which is much

higher than is necessary here.

In a position of this kind it is best to give the truth its proper force. The fact exists right here in our own school that boys playing rugby and other games are too prone to let their studies slide. Now please remember this article is not written to lessen the value placed on sports, but to emphasize the need for more academic ambition. No one who has given the matter serious thought will deny that athletics, properly conducted, are a developer of character. Of all the supplementary activities of school life there is none which equals physical competition for the development of quick, clear thinking, self-control and sportsmanship. There is nothing like it to make one realize the value of co-operation, of team work and as a developer of that "esprit de corps" which is so necessary to a large school like ours.

Some people who are prejudiced against athletics, argue that all brawn and no brain is a deplorable condition. Yet it is equally true that a strong mind cannot live in a weak body. So our problem evidently resolves itself into choosing the "golden mean." An impartial survey of college graduates shows that very many of the gold medallists have passed from university to obscurity, while those students who combined work with play, by reason of this closer contact with their fellow-men developed those qualities which tend to make them leaders of men. They desire to use their abilities to the full. Athletics, love for companionship and the desire to

get ahead legitimately have taken possession of them.

Then this problem of students failing to attain a respectable percentage in their school work is not a question of prohibiting athletics or curtailing the activities of school life, but the time given to each must be properly proportioned, putting first things first. Our idea of education is to produce real Canadian citizens. All round development of mind and body produces the best citizens. Then as a parting remark, may those studiously inclined realize the need of the physical, the athletes, the necessity of the mental and thus more nearly emulate the old Greeks whose state of mental and physical achievement still stands as an example of four-square development.

I WONDER

When life seems difficult and dreary, ambitions futile, and cherished dreams prove commonplace and shabby, then indeed memory picks out all the entrancing, remarkable events of former years and shows us a splendid panorama of past experience, happenings that grow brighter as time recedes. The lonelier and more depressed one is at the time, just so much brighter is the contrasting memory. And we never learn. The past has always been glamorous the future will always be enticing.

History shows us a "Thermopylae" that stirs our blood and sets our pulses pounding; a "Marathon" that intoxicates like rare old wine. The "Light Brigade" acts like heady incense and around "Waterloo" there clings a spicy fragrance that animates and compels. Mready we are losing

some of our horror of the Great War. "Marne" and "Ypres" stir in us a great feeling of glorious vitality, a slight tang of the epic struggles has already invaded our grief and sorrow. Five hundred years from now posterity will glorify what was so lately a terrifying reality. The present will have become the past.

Just now labour conditions are reaching a crisis; the struggle for temperance seems to have come to naught; the crime wave is increasing; politics are rotten to the core; the rising generation is pleasure-seeking and jazz-mad. However in the future—very soon now—capital and labour will come to an agreement; "Government Control" will prove efficient; we will certainly gain control of this sweep of crime. We continue to hope. What a curious mixture of contradictions we all are!

And just as are the masses, so are the individuals. Last night I was talking to a lady who complained because at this time last year, the weather was so much warmer than usual. I wonder——.

When I was very small, I remember my desperate longing to grow tall enough to look over the top of the library table. I don't get any particular pleasure from it now. Looking back to that period I remember owning a pair of small brown slippers with gold buckles. I honestly believe they were the prettiest shoes I have ever owned but sometimes. I wonder a trifle sceptically what I would think of them if I saw them in a shop window today. Perhaps we outgrow certain likings, perhaps it is just a difference in mood that changes our tastes, but I am inclined to believe that time, having dulled certain harsh realities, makes us very lenient towards our former possessions and ideals. If you remember being particularly influenced by some book, when you were, say, fourteen years old, if you associate some very pleasant very intimate memories with your reading of it, don't re-read it now. I was so unfortunate as to do that very thing and I doubted at the time, if I would ever completely forget the shock of finding a treasured book both banal and trite. But looking back now I can be mildly amused at my egotistically vouthful denunciation and am more amused at my childish enthusiasm. So will time soften our surprises and our dislikes.

And again, why are we such persistent optimists? The fact that we failed in our French composition examination doesn't prevent us from cherishing the fond hope of so raising our standard that we will make an honour standing in the Departmental Examinations.

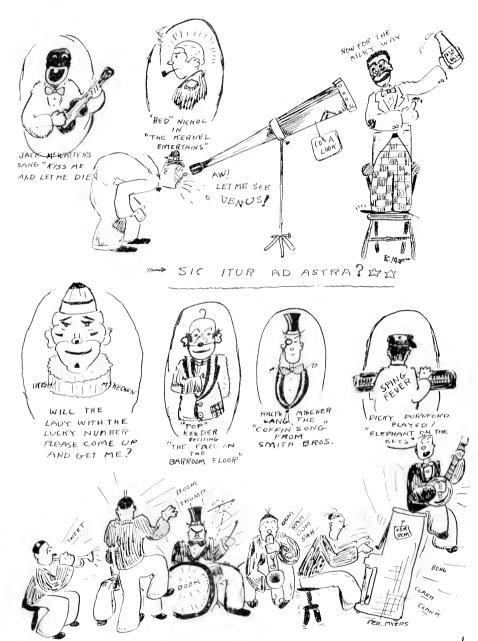
"The desire of the Moth for the star, Of the night for the morrow— The devotion to something afar, From the sphere of our sorrow!"

No matter how black the present, the future is always bright. Every time I go up in a Ferris Wheel it makes me sick, but every time we are near one I teel an overwhelming desire to try it again, confident that this time I shall really enjoy the ride. So much for human frailities!

What would we think of Hector, Achilles and Odysseus if they were alive to-day? Would we hold Plato, Caesar, and Shakespeare in the same veneration as we do now if we had lived during their lifetimes? Who of our present day authors and statesmen will be remembered in 3000 A.D.? We delve into the "dim-locked recesses of the past" and how futile, how petty our modern efforts seem in comparison with that kaleidoscopic gorgeousness of literature and oratory prevalent in ancient Greece, during the Italian Rennaissance and later in the England of the ninteenth century. We look disparagingly around us and confidently predict a revival of the classical scholarliness of the past—in the future.

ANNIE LESLIE, 5

BIGGER THAN BARNUMS



. ... AND THE LUCKY RUSSIAN SQUABBLE PLAYED ... (LUCKY TO GET AWAY WITH IT)



THE SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

This year candidates for the offices of the Senior Literary Society were appointed by the form representatives at a special meeting. The first meeting was held on November 25 and consisted chiefly of the inaugural addresses of the new executive. T. McKay gave a report of the Convention of Journalists, held at Toronto. Atwood Kennedy played a piano solo and several selections were given by the orchestra.

A debate formed the basis of the second meeting being held between 4A and 4B Collegiate. The subject was "Resolved that there should be a Curtailment of Athletics in High Schools and Colleges of the North American Continent." Albert Kewley and Ruth Tennant of 4B supporting the negative defeated Harold Rose and Margaret Hughes of the affirmative.

The third meeting consisted of a musical program. Eva Wood and Pauline Mills contributing piano

solos. Miss Jean Murphy gave a vocal solo accompanied by Miss Donalda Crone. Mr. Asbury presented the Field Day Medals to the Senior Champions.

The last meeting of the Society was taken up by the elimination of boy speakers for the W. O. S. S. A. contest. Elmer Moore speaking on "Aeronautics"; A. Kewley on "Polar Expeditions"; and E. Morrow on "The British Empire." The boys gave three interesting speeches, A Kewley winning the right to represent the schol in the Wossa contest. As all the members of the Senior Literary Society Executive were on the staff of the Collegiate no more meetings were held.

The Senior Literary Executive—Hon. President—Mr. J. Keene. President—Howard Carter. Vice-President—Clifford Frayne. Secretary—Marian Wyseman. Treasurer—Marion Sullivan. Girl Reporter—Annie Leslie. Boy Reporter—Thomas McKay. Pianist—Atwood Kennedy.

THE JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

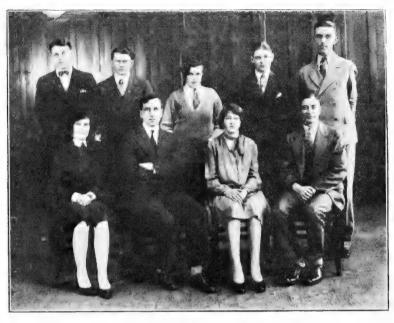
The Junior Literary Society is having a very successful year. The officers for the 1926-27 term are:

Hon. President—Miss M. Pugh. President—Kenneth George Vice President—Ross Tuck Secretary—Irene Scott Treasurer—Mae Leckie Girl Reporter—Muriel Hillier. Boy Reporter—Karl Chalmers

Pianist — Kenneth Zinc, Lena Dickson.

At the first meeting of the society the newly elected officers gave short inaugural speeches which included a general outline of the plans of this organization for the year.

The program for the second meeting consisted of a review of the opera "Il Trovatore." Marion



SENIOR LITERARY EXECUTIVE

Back Row Howard Carter (President), Clifford Frayne, Annie Leslie, Tom McKay, Atwood Kennedy, Front Row Marion Sullivan, Mr. F. C. Asbury (Principal), Marian Wyseman, Mr. Keene (Honorary President).

Clarke and Marjorie Paterson gave a synopsis of the opera with several musical interpretations at fitting points in the story.

An Oratorical Contest constituted the program for the next meeting. Roy Vanderveer and Karl Chalmers represented the Technical Department; Mae Leckie and Ross Tuck, the Collegiate; Elizabeth Wilson and Lloyd Burley, the Commercial. Elizabeth Wilson of Commercial (A was adjudged the winner.

For the fourth session the Commercial Department provided a distinctively Canadian program which

opened with a patriotic drill followed by an outline of the different activities of our country.

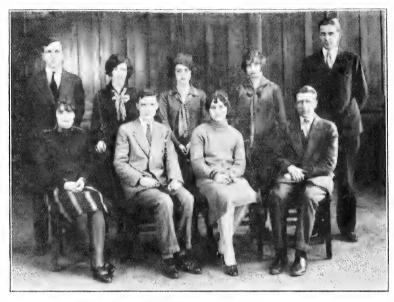
A very interesting account of "England as a Trader" was given by Miss Robison and several splendid musical numbers were rendered by boys of the Technical Department at another meeting.

In these and subsequent sessions a great many pupils received opportunities for practice in public speaking

The Executive wishes to thank those who have aided in making the Junior Literary Society of 1926-27 an outstanding success.

STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council is perhaps the least known society in the school but this does not hinder its being an extremely important one. The chief aim of the Council is to bring the organizations of the school into closer relationship and to co-operate with each other in a way not otherwise possible. It is composed of those students who are at the head of the various societies and activities. The members are as follows:



JUNIOR LITERARY EXECUTIVE

Back Row Mr. Asbury (principal), Helen Hewitt, Miss Pugh (honorary president), Muriel Hillier, Kenneth George,
Front Row May Leckie, Ross Tuck, Leva Dickson, Carl Chelmers,

Loward Carter—Senior Literary Society.

Kenneth George—Junior Literary Society.

Jean Wheatcroft—Girls' Athletic Association.

Bernice Simpson—Girls' Baskerball Team.

Cyril Teskey—Boys' Basketball Team.

Cyril Teskey—Cadet Corps. Advisory Committee—Miss Harris, Miss Brown, Mr. Asbury.

COMMENCEMENT

The 1926 Commencement exercises took place in the Auditorium on Wednesday evening, December 22nd. Owing to the fact that they were held in the Christmas holidays more graduates than usual were able to attend.

In his opening remarks Mr. Asbury welcomed both parents and pupils and then gave an account of the successful work of the school during the year, along both academic and athletic lines. Miss Inez Nickels delivered the Valedictory address with such sincerety and with so great a feeling that her hearers easily understood the regret experienced by the graduates on leaving our school. Mr. Goodison, who has resigned his position as chairman of the Board of Education took leave of us in a short farewell address.

The most important feature of the evening was the reading of an address to Mr. Grant, who for over forty years was a member of the Collegiate staff. In memory of his efficient services a scholarship will be awarded to the student obtaining highest marks in the Middle School examinations.

The three Carter Scholarships were presented to Inez Nickels, Roy



ORCHESTRA

Back Row- Ralph Taylor, Charles Brush, Bruce Dalziel, Vincent Xorwood, Bert Glenn, Harold Chambers, Bill Clark, Fred Forbes.

Middle Row Mr. Dobbins, H. Link, Elmer Hamilton, Atwood Kennedy, Kenneth George, Bruce Prout, Hubert Potter, Mr. W. Brush, (Director).

Front Row-Ross Tuck, Roy Smith, Mary Urquhart, Helen Prout, Margaret Bond, B. Houston, Bill Jones.

Whitfield and Hazel Crone. Medals and diplomas for achievements along various lines were given to the students by several of the members of the Board of Education.

One phase of the girls' gymnastic

work was well demonstrated by a graceful dance in which Patsy Collins and Elaine Woodrowe took part.

A vocal solo by Miss Winnifred Bell followed by a selection by the orchestra closed the exercises.

ORCHESTRA

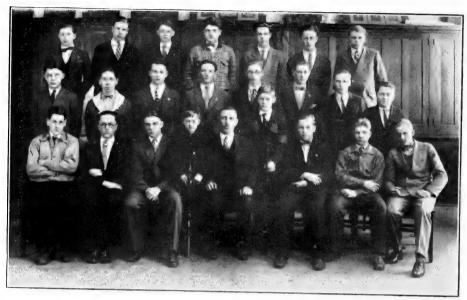
The S.C.I. and T.S. Orchestra has gradually developed from a meagre seven piece combination into a large organization of twenty-two members. Besides the piano it consists of eight violins, three clarinets, two saxaphones, one horn, three coronets, two drums, and one bass horn.

The orchestra plays every morning for the school assembly and helps to a great extent to lighten the hearts of the pupils before they begin the day's work. In addition to this it takes part in all the important activities of the school. At the two

Oratorical Contests and also at Commencement the orchestra furnished the audience with much delightful music which easily overcame any restlessness which might have occurred.

This year greater honors have been attained by the orchestra since the successful concert given in the Assembly Hall by the Collegiate orchestra and band.

Under the able leadership of Mr. Brush our orchestro has become the pride and delight of every teacher and student in the school.



JUNIOR AND SENIOR RIFLE TEAMS

Back Row P. James, D. McGibbon, F. Samis, V. Nurwood, K. Leekie, L. Wemple, R. Blay, Middle Row K. Myers, A. Lawson, F. Hamilton, B. Spears, A. Haines, R. McLaughlin, G. Murray, H. R. Hart.

Front Row P. Bradley, S. Ivinson, K. Wise, T. Needham, Mr. C. L. Fielding, L. Cragg, W. Arnold, A. Alexander, C. Claxton,

S. C. I. & T.S. RIFLE TEAM

For three years the Cadet Rifle Team has entered the King George Challenge Cup competitions held at London on the Cove Ranges. Their success is greatly due to the excellent instruction of Captain Fielding.

Last fall on Oct. 16 at the meet, Sarnia again took second place in a field of eighteen competitors. Although no medals were won Arthur Alexander competed in the finals at one hundred and B. Spearat four hundred yards.

In the D. C. R. A. series during the winter of 1926 the team didn't stand as high as the year before, greatly owing to the loss of some of the

best shots of the previous year. F. Lewis won the Special Class medal for averaging 97% in all three matches and K. Wise won the Strathcona medal for the best shot in the school.

D.C.R.A. badges were awarded to 12 members who averaged 90% or over.

These members were:—

Frank Lewis; Karl Wise; Arthur Alexander; Vincent Norwood; Wilmer Arnold; Earl Banting; Earl Leckie; Byron Spears; Warren Patterson; Mac Hall; Gordon Patterson; Kenneth Paltridge.

THE AT HOME

The At Home of 1926 was claimed to be the most successful school dance in years. It was held in the girls' gymnasium which was skill-

fully decorated to represent the hall of an old feudal castle. At the far end was a stone fireplace, flashing intermittently by means of an

electric device. Above it a hunting scene was depicted while two battle axes were also suspended. walls were ornamented with the shields of the respective Alma Maters, from which blue and white streamers were looped to wrought iron lamps which emitted a soft red glow. In one recess sheltered by drooping streamers Van Syckle's Orchestra showed remarkable talent and "pep". The originality and cleverness of the decorations were commented upon by everyone but our thanks should be directed to Mr. Greenleaf who spent hours aiding the committee.

A large number of alumni was present besides many students and visitors, who added to the the gaiety of the program by school vells. Punch and wafers were served dur-Indeed it was ing the evening.

with regret that the dance was brought to a close. The novelty of the decorations and the mingled friendliness and hilarity that reigned throughout the evening acclaimed this At Home one that will not soon be forgotten.

The patrons and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Asbury, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Dent, Mr. and Mrs. G. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. R. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Coles, Mr. and Mrs. Goodison, Mr. and Mrs. Leaver, and Mr. and Mrs. Bradley.

The committee in charge deserves great credit for the success of the

evening.

Chairman—Howard Carter. Refreshments—Jean Wheatcroft. Decorations-Marion Sullivan. Invitation—Roy Brown. Programme—Bruce Dalziel.

FIRST AID

Late in 1926 a letter was received from London, wanting to know our intentions, regarding the annual first aid competition in connection with the Wallace Rankine Nesbitt Shield. This competition is open to all Canadian schools, medals and a shield being given to the winning teams. After issuing a call for volunteers, twelve boys turned out for the first lecture given by Dr. C.

Three teams of four men each were entered and under Dr. Grav's careful teaching, the squad made rapid headway. The boys wish to take this opportunity to thank Dr. Gray for his excellent lectures and hope to have him with them again next year.

Colonel Murphy, M. O., Military District number one, conducted the examinations at the school on February the twenty-third. Bandaging and oral questions were required by the examiner, but he would not give any information as to the results. Later we were informed that number one team of the school had won second place in District No. 1. Second place entitled the boys to bronze medals, Chatham again taking first place and therefore winning silver medals and the shield.

The teams:—

No. 1—E. Moore, Capt.; M. Bury, A. Gravelle, C. Phelps.

No. 2-- A. Law, Capt.; R. Blay, H.

Backman, S. Hewitt. No. 3—C. Frayne, Capt.; N. Allan, W. Gates, A. Brown.

SIGNALLERS

Last spring a signalling class was organized in the school as part of the Lambton Regiment. Corporal Mills, of London, instructed the corps for six weeks in the use of the Morse flag, the signalling lamp, and the heliograph. At the conclusion of the course, the class was given



"303" RIFLE TEAM

Back Row-A, Lawson, E. Hamilton, Mr. E. L. Fielding, G. Murray, Vincent Norwood, Front Row-S, Ivinson, K. Wise, B. Spears, W. Armeld, A. Alexander,

examinations in sending, reading and general information. The nineteen boys who finished the course all passed their examinations, eight securing Grade A certificates and eleven Grade B. At the Cadet inspection, the signalling corps formed part of the battalion.

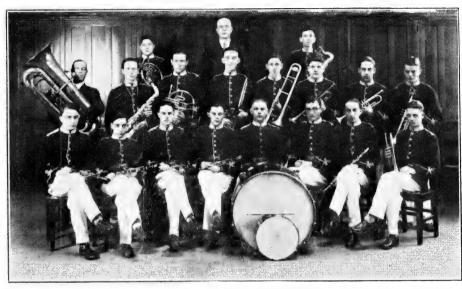
This year Sergt-Inst. Philion conducted two courses, an advanced

course for those obtaining their A certificates last year, and the regular course for those who received B certificates and also for new members. The results of these courses are not out yet. A shield will be given this year to the best signalling corps among the cadets in this district. With this goal before them, the signallers hope to do even better than last year.

SENIOR RUGBY BANQUET

The third annual Senior Wossa Football Banquet was held in the Sanford Cafe this year on Jaunary the seventeenth with Mr. Asbury acting as chairman. Following the usual splendid repast the toast list was opened by a health to the King. In replying to C. Teskey's toast to the school, Ray Donohue gave a vivid account of his school days and delighful memories of the "old school." Roy Brown proposed a toast to the teams of other years and Mr. Haney in reply gave one of

the best speeches of the evening. Mr. F. Richards proposed the toast to the team of '26 and Howard Carter responded by thanking Mr. Richards for his support during the season. Carter presented Coach "Dolly" Gray with a rolled gold knife and chain as a token of the team's appreciation of his splendid work. In reply "Dolly" stated that he had coached his last season owing to pressure of business. He leaves a position that will be hard to fill with anyone as enthusiastic,



CADET BAND

Back Row-Ralph Taylar, Mr. Brush (Director), Bill Clark, Middle Row-Mr. Dobbins, Bert Glenn, Kenneth George, Fred Forbes, Vincent Norwood, Bruce Dalziel, Charles Brush.

Front Row Hubert Potter, Bruce Preut, Roy Smith, Harold Chambers, Bill Jones, Ross Tuck, Jack McLellan, H. Liuk,

able and experienced as he. Gordon Mattingley presented "Son" Jennings, coach Gray's assistant, with a silver cigarette case, on behalf of the team.

The election for the 1927 captain was held and Clifford Frayne was the unanimous choice of all the boys to lead next season's team. Mr. Goodison promised that the school would receive a splendid new trophy

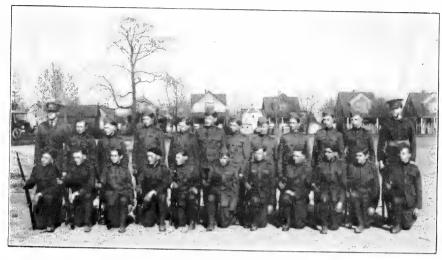
in 1927 if they win the Ontario title. In conclusion Ross Nicol thanked the Board of Education and in a splendid short account outlined how the Board had helped the team and the school and hoped for a continuance of their help. In reply Mr. Richards stated that the Board was only too pleased and he hoped in the future to do even more for the school.

FRESHETTES' RECEPTION

The annual Freshette's Reception which was in the form of a Hallowe'en party this year took place on Friday evening, October 20th. It was held in the boy's gymnasium which was expertly decorated by Jean Wheatcroft and her committee. From the balcony large red apples were suspended, while pumpkins, black cats, cornstalks and lanterns, which emitted a soft yellow glow, ornamented the walls. The variegated and some rather grotesque costumes of the first

formers added greatly to the effectiveness and gaiety of the scene.

Promptly at eight o'clock the program opened with a grand march, during which the judges decided to give Marion Clark and Miss Welman the prizes for the best costumes. A short one-act play which depicted the behaviour of a flapper in the schoolroom was greeted with genuine applause. There was a great deal of keen competition among the freshettes in the Charleston contest but finally



BEST PLATOON-1926.

Lenore Sullivan was awarded the prize. Another person in whom they were intensely interested was the fortune-teller who was kept busy the greater part of the evening disclosing to the more curious youngsters some startling event which would happen to them in the near future. The program was further diversified by treasure-hunting and the fish-pond.

About 10 o'clock the girls flocked

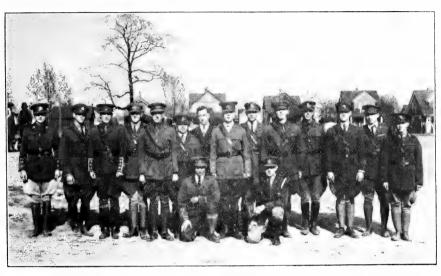
to the cafeteria which was prettily decorated with shaded lights and streamers. Here, Muriel Teskey and her able assistants attempted to appease the hunger of their guests with delicious sandwiches, cakes, candy and mushrooms, the freshettes also receiving dainty candy favours.

After lunch some time was spent in dancing. All too soon the reception closed with the singing of God Save the King.

JUNIOR RUGBY BANQUET

On January 17th the Junior Rugby Banquet was held at the Sanford Hotel with the members of the team the guests of the Board of Education. Following the dinner a short program of toasts and speeches was carried out, Mr. Asbury acting as chairman. Carl Manore was presented with a gold knife and chain by George Clark, as a token of the boys' appreciation of his efforts. Following the presentation, address-

cs were given by Mr. Mills, Mr. Bradley, Mr. Husband, High Sshool Inspector, Mr. Tennant and Mr. Myers. A toast to the school was proposed by Wm. Twaits and responded to by Mr. Mills. Lyle Mc-Kay proposed a toast to the Board of Education to which Mr. Williams responded, bringing the banquet to a close. At the conclusion of the banquet the boys were the guests of Mr. Myers at the Imperial Theatre.



CADET OFFICERS

Back Row—Lieuts, H. Potter, C. Teskey, G. McPhail, F. Burwell, Capt. H. Harkins, Mr. F. Asbury, R. Nicol, O.C., Capt. L. Hallam, Lieuts, L. Bryant, J. Manore, J. Walsh, K. Fraser, H. Stuart, Front Row—Capt. Keeber, Lieut Wise.

CADET CORPS

The Cadet Battalion of 1926 was successful in winning first place in M. D. 1, a goal towards which the school has been striving for several The battalion was comvears. manded by R. Nicol with C. Banwell and L. Hallam as company commanders. Following their route march through the city during which Colonel Gillespie took the salute at the Vendome Hotel the battalion returned to the campus where they executed the various movements of battalion, company and The best drilled platoon drill. platoon was number five led by W. Callum. Number five received some real opposition from the others, particularly number three, under J. Walsh.

The new band organized by W. E. Brush materially aided in the success of the inspection. Great credit is due W. E. Brush for his untiring efforts in bringing the band to their present state of efficiency.

The Cyclists, Signallers and First Aid squads rounded out the best battalion the school has ever produced

After the inspection was completed the cadets formed a hollow square and were addressed by Col. Gillespie, F. C. Asbury, Rev. Canon Collins, Ross W. Gray and W. S. Haney. Following the speeches by these gentlemen a tea dance was held in the boys' gymnasium thus bringing to a close a very successful inspection.

The Officers in command were: O. C., D. R. Nicol; Adjt., H. Harkins; O. C. No. 1 Co'y. L. Hallam; O. C. No. 2 Co'y, C. Banwell; Lieutenants, F. Burwell, W. Callum, J. Walsh, K. Fraser, H. Stewart, C. Teskey, H. Potter, G. McVean.

Ambulance, C. Frayne; Cyclists, G. McPhail; Signallers, N. Scott; Quartermaster, I. Wise; B.S.M., T. Baird, C.S.M. No. 1 Co'y, E. Kellum; No. 2 Co'y, H. Smith; Band Sergt., Chas. Brush.

TEA DANCE

The last social event of the 1925-26 term was the tea dance held immediately after Cadet Inspection. It was very well attended by the Students while quite a number of graduates were present also. The orchestra was splendid and the dancers greatly appreciated its generous encores. Refreshments were served during the intermissions. The smart military uniforms of the boys together with the girls' bright frocks made this function exceedingly attractive.

CIRCUS REVUE

The third annual Circus was held in the school Auditorium on Thursday the seventeenth and Saturday the nineteenth of March. There was an excellent turnout of citizens and students for both evening performances. This greatly aided the actors who succeeded in putting on one of the best amateur performances ever seen in the city.

Following an overture by the orchestra the raising of the curtain disclosed a rural schoolroom. R. Nicol excellently acted the part of the school mistress, rigidly enforcing discipline upon a varied collection of pupils. The curtain lowered as the teacher vainly tried to obtain harmony in singing "School Days." The free hand drill and wand drill were splendidly executed by girls of the school and reflect great credit on Miss Fenwick for her careful teaching of these drills. The smaller boys of the school performed on the horse. Their mat-work and pyramids also brought forth a great deal of applause from the audience. In contrast with the small boys the seniors gave an exhibition on the high-bar. The bar is a new addition to the apparatus of the school and a boy requires strength and skill to be able to perform neatly on it. The work on the parallel bars and difficult pyramids was very neat and emphasized the physical skill of school life. The English country dance, Hungarian folk dance and lazy dance completed the physical

One of the most humorous acts of the circus was the operating

part of the program.

scene. R. Nicol was the stern doctor, Mr. Keeber assistant, J. Mc-Keown weeping wife of the unfortunate patient J. McWaters. The poor patient had the greatest complications of diseases ever known to the the medical world, being operated on for all the well known diseases, except tonsilitis and adenoids. After all it was all fun and the patient finally ran after the doctors as they were leaving the room. Mr. Keeber was viewing the skies, with a great telescope, when R. Nicol appeared as an inquisitive old farmer. After much bickering, he was allowed to view the heavens. The farmer greatly enjoyed such constellations as the Dipper, the Great Bear and the beautiful Venus. When the milky way was mentioned his curiosity was aroused still more but was greatly dampened when he received a pint of milk minus the cream in his face. Four blindfolded boys with boxing gloves on were put in a ring and allowed to battle, and many a heavy well meant blow only split the air. Dr. Grav boxing instructor then sparred for two rounds with M. Laugher, demon-

strating defensive boxing.

The "colonel entertains" formed an interesting part in the program. It represented R. Nicol as a southern colonel entertaining his friends and the darkies of his plantation. Needham and Griffith, two of the smallest boys in the school, staged a boxing contest. McWaters, Harris, Hargin and Fralick formed a banjo quartette and were accompanied on the piano by Mr. Durn-

ford who later gave a piano solo. Mary McIntyre, as a mechanical doll, gave a graceful exhibition of toe dancing. Hubert Potter gave a very pleasing clarinet solo. A number of girls dressed as darkies performed a clog dance and J. McWatters sang "Blue Skies" with everyone joining in on the chorus. A

jazz orchestra led by C. Brush and composed of boys of the school furnished a snappy finish to a delightful evening, being encored several times. Miss Fenwick, Mr. Keeber and W. Brush should be congratulated on the success of their various acts in the circus. It is to be hoped that there will be a circus every year.

SWIMMING

Perhaps one of the keenest of our school sports is swimming. As in other years the girls are allowed the use of the pool on Tuesdays and Thursdays from four until five o'clock. Louise Dawson, who was elected swimming convenor by the Girl's Athletic Association gave much of her time to the beginners. Some of the more adept swimmers succeeded in procuring their Royal Life-Saving Medals in the spring of last year, under the able instruction of Miss Fenwick and Thelma Me-

Kay. Thelma McKay, who had already obtained her Bronze and Silver medals, got her Honorary Instructor's Certificate. Vera Marsh, Augora Rollins, Muriel Teskey and Jean Wheatcroft received their Silver Medals and Janie Clark, Mary Cobban, Louise Dawson, Vera Marsh, Muriel Teskey and Jean Wheatcroft received their bronze medals. As yet no Life-Saving has been taken up this year but later on in the spring there will be a class for anyone who wishes to attend.

FIELD DAY

Field Day is one of the most prominent days in our school year. As there was no Field Day last year the enthusiasm this year was doubly keen. Owing to the unsettled weather in September it was necessary to postpone the date to Oct. 1. As the morning was warm and sunny a large number of both contestants and onlookers attended the events. Owing to the close competition in the junior and midget contests several records were brok-Probably one reason for the success in the field events was the improved campus. When, about noon, a drizzling rain came down it became apparent that the races could not be held. Nevertheless the

morning had been a complete success.

Jean Wheateroft won the Senior Girls' Championship. The Intermediate Champion was Bernice Toole, while Marjorie Paterson carried off the Junior honours.

On Oct. 7th the boys' track events were completed at Bayview Park. Charlie Richards won the Senior boys' Championship, while Don McGibbon was the Intermediate Champion. The Junior competitions were exceedingly close, Harold Chambers defeating Paul James by one point. Out of an unusually large number of midget entries Victor McKeown obtained the most points.



FIELD DAY CHAMPS

Back Row Hareld Chambers, Marjoric Paterson, Victor McKeown, Jean Wheatereft, Front Row Donalda McGibbon, Bernice Toole, Charles Richards,

AQUATIC MEET

On Feb. 4th, 1927, the City Championship Swimming meet was held at the School. The meet was composed of teams from the school, Public Schools, Tuxis Boys and Trail Rangers, being the first time that the latter three organizations have competed at the school. For some reason the girls of the school did not compete and the spectators were thus deprived of a much better program. There was a very poor turnout, of citizens, only about half the chairs being occupied. In spite of this fact competition was keen and there were many close races.

There was little outside competition this year in the city events and thus most of the events were captured by the boys of the school. The Public School events were won by Mordon, Withers and London Road School. St. Andrew's and Maple Leafs were victorious in the

relay races for Tuxis and Trail Rangers respectively. In the midget events of the school, M. Muir, V. McKeown and McLaughlin came out on top. The Junior events were taken by Garrett, Wood and Hill, while S. Ivinson swept the intermediate series. The city championship events were: Long plunge, McLaughin; Diving, J. McKeown; 50 yds. speed, G. Patterson and the relay race was won by the S.C.I.

C. Keeber and C. Teskey conducted the meet with all possible speed. C. Carter, J. McKeown and Dr. S. Burrell very kindly acted as judges.

PUBLIC SCHOOL EVENTS

25 yds, speed—Mordon.
Relay Race—London Road School.
Diving ... Withers.
Tuxis Relay Race—St. Andrew's.
Trail Rangers Relay Race—Maple Leafs.

S.C.I. & T.S. EVENTS

Midget—25 vds. speed—M. Muir. Midget—Diving—V. McKeown. Midget-Object Diving-McLaughlin.

Junior—25 yds. speed—Garrett. Junior—50 vds. speed....Wood.

Diving—Hill.

Intermediate Diving—S. Ivinson. Intermediate Back Stroke—S. Ivin-

CITY CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS Long Plunge—Bronze medal—McLaughlin, 30 feet.

Diving—Bronze medal—Irish Me-Keown, 41 points.

50 vds. speed—Bronze medal—Gord Patterson.

Relay Roce- Pronze medal-Rough Necks, S.C.I.

Director of Program—Athletic Director Keeber.

Clerk of Course—Ted Teskey.

Judges of Events-Cliff Carter, Jos. McKeown, Dr. S. Burrell.

W.O.S.S.A. ORATORY

In the preliminary oratorical contest Margaret Hughes and Arthur Kewley were chosen to represent the school in the Annual Wossa competition.

This year the semi-final district contest was held at our own school on February 11th. Girls representing Strathrov Collegiate and Ilderton Continuation School competed against our representative, while boys were present from De LaSalle School, Ilderton and Strathrov. The judges for the occasion were Prof's. Woods and Dorland of Western University, and Mr. W. B. Smith, of London. They gave the decision for the girl's contest to Margaret Hughes, who chose for her subject "Russia's Transition Period." However the Sarnia representative in the boy's contest, with the subject "Our Heroes of Polar Expeditions," was defeated by Desmond Arnsby of De LaSalle who spoke on "Chivalry"

By winning the district contest

Miss Hughes became eligible for the Wossa trophy given to the winner of the final contest which was held in Sarnia on March 4th. The districts represented were London, Woodstock, Windsor, Stratford and Sarnia, and the judges were Dr. White of London Normal and Drs. Dearle and Gunton of Western University. The Sarnia representative was defeated by Doris Rider of London, speaking on "Peace Problems." She was presented with the Windsor I.O.D.E. shield and the Wossa gold medal by Mr. Ross Grav. The silver medal for second place was won by Dorothy Farquharson of Stratford, who spoke on "Pauline Johnson."

Thus another year in the Wossa Oratory has gone by and still the coveted shield will repose in some other school's cabinet of trophies. We are already hoping that next year we may have more success and add to our own collection that clu-

sive shield.



OUR SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS





We are naturally proud of the fact that last summer all three Carter Scholarships for Lambton County were carried off by S.C.I. & T.S. pupils.

These Scholarships, three for each of twenty-five Ontario counties, were founded some years ago under the will of the late J. I. Carter, Esq., of our own city, and are awarded annually to those three pupils in the County concerned who stand highest in ten papers of the Departmental Upper School Examinations.

This past year, first place for Lambton County was won by Miss lnez Louiese Nickels who, therefore, was awarded the One Hundred Dollar Scholarship. Miss Nickels' scholastic career has, throughout, been a distinguished one. Very fittingly, she was chosen Valedictorian for last year's graduating class and right worthily did she uphold the high traditions of that office. Incidently, too, she had the honor in 1025 of being chosen Editor-in-Chief of the "Collegiate" in which capacity, also, she achieved signal success.

Next in the Honor List comes Roy Whitfield. Roy took his Lower and

Middle School work at Glencoe High School, coming to us in September, 1925, to register in our Upper School. After a year's steady, consistent work, he did honor to his former school, himself, and to us by winning the Second Scholarship of Sixty Dollars.

Third place last summer was won by Miss Hazel May Crone who, in consequence, obtained the Forty Dollar award. Miss Crone also entered Upper School in September, 1925, after a period of teaching and her success in June last was well deserved. At present she is engaged in teaching up in South Porcupine, and although we endeavoured to obtain a photograph from her for this page, we weren't able to do so. She blamed her inability to send one on her out-in-the-wilds location; at any rate we should like to have had her photo to complete the trio.

And now, from the staff of the "Collegiate" and all its readers—both teachers and pupils—to all three of our Carter Scholarship winners for 1926—congratulations on your success in the past and very

best wishes for the future.





Who was that winsome little Collegiate lassic that made this stunning remark: "You know Ross Nicol's red hair just fascinates me?"

* * * *

We wonder if Fraser knows anything about the wet socks in the St. Thomas Y?

* * * *

Who's the affectionate young lady. Fifth former, who insists on calling her fellow Trig. students "My dear"?

* * * *

Well if Doris Woodwark isn't a devil. She came upon "Mon dieu" in French the other day and said very boldly, "My goodness"——!!

* * * *

Let us hope that Norm Patterson attains his ambition of becoming a missionary in the 'wilds' of Detroit.

* * * *

Pretty soon we'll be dancing to the strains of the latest jazz music from Miss Burriss' phonograph during her study periods.

* * * *

What was Teskev's polite request in the Windsor game here to the referee? Now Cyril, be a gentleman under all circumstances.

* * * *

There must be some attraction for Joan Whitling when Red's team plays in the house league.

* * * *

Wallace and Teskev have made a special request that Mr. Asbury drive his own chariot at all times.

* * * *

It is requested that Mr. Dobbins make a hobby-horse for Hardick, our budding cowboy from the Tech.

* * * *

Fraser wasn't in full-dress the night he watched the night-life of Detroit from the roof of the Madison-Lennox.

McKay certainly made a bad break when he innocently stated he had been one of the four occupants of a single bed after Nicol had spent ten minutes trying to convince the St. Thomas Y's manager of the honesty of the S. C. I. Seniors.

* * * *

Mattingly was heard to say, "Gee, I'm glad next year's Leap Year." How conceited, Gordon.

* * * *

Ross must have it pretty bad. He's been learning to dance to keep pace with a young lady who has shown tendencies in this direction. Better be careful Nick, it's hard on the girl's feet.

* * * *

Who was on Mr. Baker's mind the day he gave one of his classes the glowing description of a young lady.

* * * *

Will some kind soul step forward and organize a society for the protection of dense pupils that continually leave their materials in their lockers—especially the books with homework in them.

* * * *

Slandering the Redskins! One fifth former opened a composition with this statement—"When Shakespeare visited United States he called the people a race of money grabbers." One guess—!

* * * *

It is said that the Board of Education intends to allot parking space for the kiddie cars and tricycles of the new students entering the S.C.I. & T.S. in September, also to install the pipe line to the Creamery.

* * * *

A promising young student of the S. C. I. & T. S. received an examination paper with this bit of advice tacked on. "Wake up! More attention to the blackboard and less to the one behind you." Now Phil!

* * * *

Is it right that one of the male members of the staff is fast becoming a modern Hawkshaw?

* * * *

Scotty Dalziel attends church regularly and clasps his hands so tightly during the prayers that he can't get them open in time for the offering.

* * * *

* * * *

Who was the boy using the vanity case, as he was leaving Mr. Grey's room?

How mad is Mr. Dennis when he is fighting mad.

* * * *

We take great pleasure in reporting that the first former, who swallowed a nickel last week, has entirely recovered from his financial difficulties.

* * * *

It is rumoured that the pupils of the First Forms are petitioning their teachers to prevent the Fourth and Fifth Forms from confiscating their marbles, tops and hoops.

* * * *

We hear an S.C.L student went down to see the new elevator the day after the voting. Who was he?

* * * *

What pleasure would Mr. Andrews have if it wasn't for the attendance slips.

* * * *

We wonder how many millions Tom McKay would be worth if he ran a taxi business?

* * * *

We wonder what male member of the staff was fooled in course of the morning of April first.

* * * *

What causes so much uneasiness that "tickles" everybody in 5th form?







"AND OTHER NIGHT FEARS"

By Alva Elford, 4A.

(This story is the winner of the medal in the "Cellegiate" short story competition judged by Miss Ferguson, Miss Pugh and Mr. Keene.)

T was a long, high-ceilinged room **I** hung almost entirely in black. Along the back walls were benches, stools, huge chairs, crude old-fashioned things, in which sat blackgowned figures, before heavy tables. What little light there was, was furnished by a few flickering, sputtering torches, while a monotonous voice droned in mixed Latin and Spanish. I looked around me with an apathetic interest. The hangings which at first I had thought to be black, were for the most part, gloomy tapestries depicting with true medieval faithfulness in all the gruesome and unloyely details, souls or spirits in torment. The uncertain light and a slight chilly breeze made them seem to move, to be alive. The torch light had doubled the size of the apartment and the number of occupants, for I was never quite certain whether it was a shadow, a bench, a corner, or a monk on a stool. What were they going to do with me? I did not know and did not greatly care. It was all a strange dream, which, like most of my nightmares would waken me at the most exciting part. I felt I did not belong there among the fifteenth century Spanish priests

who might, for all I knew, be condemning me to death, life imprisonment or rather gradual decay in the lightless, damp, rat-infected dungeons, to death by all the tortures a fiendish imagination could devise.

The voice droned away in the distance, and finally stopped, and another equally dry and learned, took up the discourse. I was becoming a trifle uncomfortable. It was very cold there and the only fires were those on the wall over which damned souls sizzled. I began to smell something burning, not wood, or cloth, and noticed a slight smoke behind one of the tapestries. I told myself that it was purely imagination, but my reason remarked that I must have a powerful imagination for there was a fire—and something roasting, and one does not commonly know at once, a new smell. I was cramped from standing in one position for it seemed to me hours; my chains bit into my wrists, and ankles. Any move I might make, was instantly checked by those black robed figures beside me. I sincerely wished that the whole farce would end and I wake up. The voice continued and, it seemed, at the present rate, could and would

imitate Tennyson's brook and go on forever. I was sleepy, my guard prodded me vigorously and muttered something in Latin. Then suddenly my perverse sense of humour popped up and I chuckled softly to myself. How absurd it all was! There I was, hauled up before the Spanish Inquisition, an institution gone centuries before I was born, being lectured and perhaps condemned in a language I did not understand. I, who as soon as they had remonstrated their petty primitive devices of torture on me, would hug my pillow, snuggle under the covers, and count sheep and in a few hours, rise to eat fruit, grown probably on the ghosts' graves.

I stopped chuckling, suddenly aware of two things, a dead stillness all about me, and the realness of it all. After an endless silence, the voice went on, shocked, sterner, harsher now. In a moment while the last impressively solemn words were yet ringing in my ears, my guards took me by the arms and marshalled me out. Along endless corridors, past locked and doublybarred doors, through long echoing slimy passages, where the light of the torch performed a fiendish dance on the walls, ceiling and floor; where rats scurried under one's feet. where the air grew fouler and damper at every step, past rooms from which issued muffled, vet mild, unearthly shricks, -- the torture chambers,—doing good business, I thought — then shuddered — on through passages interminable one slipped on cold, wet, irregular stones, or on a toad or snake which wriggled under one's feet or wound around one's legs, or on a rat which bit fiercely at one's toes, or between those two guards with clanking chains, up and down narrow winding stairways, along labyrinthine ways, in a building which was a ruined heap of moss-covered stones, long before I saw the light of day! I looked at my guards' facesskulls! No not quite, but the deep-set eyes glared fiercely at me, the temples and cheeks were sunken, the skin parchment-like, the whole face thin, emaciated, a fanatic's face. The shadows cast by the cowls, and the single torch had made me feel that I was escorted by two Deaths.

At last we stopped before a massive door. My escort drew forth a huge bunch of rusty, clanky keys, queer old things, fitted one to the lock, turned it, pushed the door open, on protesting hinges. jumped. We entered, and I found myself in a small low-ceilinged room, lit by one huge window. A low-ceilinged room, so low, that I could not stand upright! How had they known my dread of a low ceiling, of being close to the top of any room, of my childish nightmares, when I was crushed or suffocated, from which I invariably awoke cold with terror! At once I remembered the tales of a ceiling being lowered till it crushed the hopeless wretch of a prisoner, of a room becoming smaller day by day till the unrepentent heretic was either crushed to death, or died raving mad. A pitcher of water and dish of food was set on the floor, my chains removed, and they left me. The door grated shut, the locks shrieked, the bars rasped to place, their retreating footsteps echoed and re-echoed. Every sound was greatly magnified by my now thoroughly shaken nerves.

I sank to the floor in exhaustion, shaking, cold with fear of the unknown. When I recovered a little, I rose and went to the window to look out. Merciful Heavens, was I seeing straight? In a moment the clear kindly smile of the sun had changed to an evil leer, the beautiful spring day became a mockery. I staggered back, my hands to my eves, back to the door to beat upon it, to call out, to scream in terror! Suddenly my cries were choked in A shriek, wild with my throat. pain, a sound such as I had thought no person capable of uttering, seemed to come from the wall at my right. I laughed abruptly, unnatur-

ally and wildly. I was to be driven mad, slowly, in a most Satanic manner. The torture chamber at one side and what on the other! I dared not approach the window, could not stay there, I could hardly stand upright. Every cry tore at my jagged nerves, as I rushed wildly about, drawn, helplessly, fighting, to the window, then hurrying away, driven to and fro. Now I echoed every sound. I could not help it. It was wrung from me. A longer scream than usual followed by a choking, shuddering gasp, then utter silence! A silence so complete that I was more terrified than ever. I lifted the water pitcher to my parched lips, and drank greedily, then quickly set it down. Perhaps they would not need me any more.

I must have slept and dreamed,—horrible things,—for I awoke myself, fending off something with my hands, thin, white, bony hands, they already were, of a prison pallor, a gastly whiteness, screaming. Again my cries were re-echoed, intensified, from that room. When those cries finally stopped, I stared about me.

The window! Was it the same out there? I dared not look. door! It was lower than before. I distinctly remembered the great high door, remembered counting the huge iron bolts in it, there had been twenty, now,—I counted them again and again feverishly. There were only eighteen! I have no clear idea of those mad days that followed, but every day, two bolts were hidden, and vet the window was not concealed. I think the ceiling must have sunk at an angle. Finally when only six bolts yet remaining in view, when my water and food had long since disappeared, thought of it and laughed, triumphantly-exultantly. I dragged myself to the window, thrust my hand through the glass, stared stupidly at the blood on the bony whiteness of my arm. I crawled farther, made a larger hole, then painfully, inch by inch, I went out, then falling, falling through space. Would I never land?

Mother told me next day that I had walked in my sleep and had fallen down stairs.

THE HOUSE AMONG THE WILLOWS

By Clare Valley, 4B.

▼JHEN Jack McKav first came to Wardsville, all the townsfolk seemed, as was the custom, intent on showing him the haunted house. It stood amongst a group of willow trees and was reached by a winding path through the meadows. In bygone days it had belonged to a wealthy scientist who had lived there in seclusion until he had mysteriously disappeared. tales were told of an explosion, followed by a great light which had come from the house, and the former owner had never since been seen. The house was now in a state of ruin but the sturdy stone walls still stood as they had in the past, and seemed to pervade the atmos-

phere thereabouts with an air of melancholy foreboding.

The people, especially a lad named Pete, left little to Jack's imagination and described vividly the queer noises and strangely coloured lights which at times seemed to come from the old mansion. Of course this would arouse the curiosity of any boy of Jack's age, and he proved no exception. As Pete seemed to be quite ambitious with the legends and the house in general, Jack sought a mutual ground upon which to establish an acquaintance. This did not prove a difficult task, as he soon learned that Pete was intensely interested in chemistry, a study Jack had made a hobby for some time.

Thus, in the course of a few days the boys became quite friendly, although for some reason Pete seemed constrained and viewed Jack with suspicion. Nevertheless, they decided to visit the haunted house and set out one afternoon for this purpose. Upon this apparently familiar ground Pete seemed perfectly at home and they soon began to talk of the one subject in which both were interested.

"Could not those lights which are seen at night be produced by some apparatus left by the chemist," began Jack.

"It is possible, but not likely" said Pete, "as the explosion probably

destroyed the apparatus.'

"Say Pete, I have always studied combustion and the production of coloured lights, and I can lend you some good books on that subject."

"Thanks Jack, I should be glad to have them, as I have been making

coloured lights myself."

At this point they reached the house and began their explorations. The whole place was a litter of broken glass, plaster and remnants of furniture and after wading through the debris for some time and searching fruitlessly for a door leading either to the cellar or the upper part of the house they returned home.

"Let us come over to-morrow night and see what we can find,

Pete" said Jack.

"I think about one night in this place will satisfy you. Moreover, if you want to come here at night you will have to come alone, as nobody in the village ventures to come here at night," replied Pete.

"Well I will come alone then," said Jack and the rest of the way

home they were silent.

The next day about nightfall Jack wandered through the meadows and came to the scene of action just as darkness spread over the landscape. As he drew near the house of terrors he was startled by a strange purple glow coming from the roof of the house. However, he assured him-

seli that this was merely the reflection of the moon upon the slate shingles, and went on to meet his doom. Courageous as he was, Jack trembled a little, as he drew himself up to one of the windows, and almost wished he was home in bed. In agreement with these thoughts. the leering moon smiled wisely down upon him as much as to say. "Little do you know what is before you." Stealthily passing from room to room he gradually became accustomed to the oppressive silence and pale half-light of his surroundings. Nevertheless his heart never ceased to throb and each time his foot struck some piece of broken furniture, he would stop and tremble with terror. Once as he was crossing what had apparently been the dining room, he heard a sudden noise behind him. He jumped and turned around, only to see a large piece of plaster strike the floor a few feet away. From then on he kept close to the wall, and when, upon accidently leaning against a hidden spring, a door swung open, he was too frightened to move.

However, as his curiosity gradually overcame his misgivings, he entered a narrow passageway which seemed to lead down, down into the depths of the earth. As his foot came to rest on the second step, he found himself in complete darkness and heard the door close behind him. He hurried back and tried frantically to open it but it would not yield. Whereupon he turned and slowly began to descend step by step into impenetrable gloom. Above him the nigrescent pall of darkness closed in and seemed to press him down as though it were a weight on his shoulders. Eventually he reached the foot of the incline where the ebon shades of the passage once more gave way to the half-light. Upon looking around him he saw skeletons of all manner of animals, mounted on square blocks. As he threaded his way in and out among this mass of bones, searching for some means of exit from this hor-

rible place, he encountered the skeleton of a man, standing in a corner. To his distracted senses it seemed to say "Why have you invaded the realm of death?" Finally, just as these species were beginning to follow him about and he could almost feel the icy fingers on his throat and he seemed about to faint. he stumbled upon a stairway leading upward. Here, again, the shades of Erebus held sway and as he staggered hurriedly onward, with apprehensive glances over his shoulder, glad to have escaped from one horror and wondering what next should arise to drive from him what little sense and courage he had left.

At last he reached the top and halted before a door, from which came sputtering, crashing sounds. He hesitated for a moment to collect his scattered wits and ask himself what new apparition he was about to behold. The door yielded

readily to his trembling hand and there in the purple glow he saw on one side, shelves filled with books and rolls of notes. In one corner was a water tank, in another an electrical machine. The intervening space was filled with bottles. In the centre of the room a huge telescope was mounted and upon looking up Jack saw that the dome shaped ceiling of the room was glass. However, at this point his observations were suddenly interrupted by an angry shout from the other end of the room where Pete stood beside a desk at which he had been working. Pete was at first angry but was pacified by Jack's promise not to reveal his secret. These two became fast friends and together explored the secret pursuits of the old chemist, whose body Pete had found in the laboratory. Evidently he had been killed by the explosion of some piece of apparatus, with which he had been working.

GOING TO BED

By J. M. Ritchie, 5

(This essay is the winner of the medal in the "Collegiate" Essay Competition.)

N childhood days, the ominous word "Bed-time" often raises an outburst of whines, pleadings, coaxings or murmurings resulting at times in open rebellion. This point of view, like many others of the same period, changes as we grow older. After a long and busy day we are glad to tumble into warm beds and catch the first train to dreamland. Sometimes, however, if boys retire a little earlier than usual, they enjoy a few minutes of fun before they settle down for the night. When three boys are for-tunate enough to share one bedroom, it is inevitable that they engage in some recreation which is not always soothing to the rest of the household. I confess that I speak from experience.

One very amusing pastime is to sneak the cat upstairs with you and hide it in the bureau drawer. With much petting, the cat is at last induced to lie down. Your brother comes in shortly after with the intention of finding a clean collar for the following day. With a hearty pull he opens the drawer, and is met by an animated pussy instead of his collar.

Another somewhat amusing and instructive exercise is target practice with elastic bands. Very effective missiles may be obtained by cutting up an inner tube which has seen its best days. A clothes-peg forms an excellent target for amateurs. Each boy stands at the same distance from the target and delivers his round. As one picks up

his bands, he is quite likely to be greeted with a fusilade of shots which have somehow gone astray. Retribution is sure to follow, in which much energy is exerted in avoiding hostile bands, and much more in groping for your own weapons beneath the bed.

Perhaps the contest in which boys most frequently participate is the settlement of border disputes over the bed-clothes. No matter how ample the coverings may have been before you came to bed, you have great difficulty in securing enough to "tuck in." This phenomenon is usually perceptible when you are the last to come to bed. As you begin to assert your rights, the others stoutly uphold their motto, "what we have we hold." Your aim is to reach the inside of the bed, and brace your back against the wall. In this strategic position you are able to forcibly eject every intruder. These tactics are successful until the attackers with combined efforts pull the bed away from the wall, and you disappear in the vawning chasm. The bed is promptly pushed back and you are compelled to crawl out as best you can.

You are now forced to take the offensive, as your former besiegers are comfortably ensconced in your blankets. A reception of the former manoeuvre is foiled, since the present occupant of the bed clings tenaciously to the bed-post. Seizing the pillows, you bring your heavy artillery into action. The bombardment is answered by the enemy's "Big Berthas." The battle

waxes fast and furious, but footsteps are heard on the stairs. The tumult subsides as if by magic, the light is switched off, everyone tumbles into bed, and when the door opens every boy is doing his utmost to "knit up the ravelled sleeve of care." When the footsteps have died away the dispute is quickly settled to the satisfaction of all, and silence reigns supreme.

In the words of Thomas Moore (with variations):

Oft, in the stilly night, Ere slumber's chain had bound me, I had a pillow fight Ere Dad and Ma had found me;

The pillows sent Were often rent, Ere we lay down to slumber; The noise we made

Began to fade,
As upstairs Dad did lumber.
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain had bound me,
I had a pillow fight,
Ere Dad and Ma had found me.

When I remember all
The fights we had together,
I fear the upstairs hall
Was strewn with many a feather;
The bedroom, too,
Contained a few
When Dad was not below;
We fought right well,
Till heads did swell
As we gave blow for blow.
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain had bound me,
I had a pillow fight,
Ere Dad and Ma had found me.

HOUSE CLEANING

By Isabel MacDonald, 4A

IN THE spring of the year, when the sun shines warmly once more, when the roads become impassable, the sidewalks wet and the crossings muddy, when all the outer world is filled with the murmur of running

brooks and the awakening of all plant life, every good house-wife feels it her bounden duty and infinite joy to begin the annual housecleaning. Whether the bright sum exposes dust hitherto hidden or whether her inspiration comes from the budding trees and springing grass, it remains that rich and poor, strong and weak, women the world over are stirred with the same im-

nulse.

Since I am not able to qualify under the name of house-wife, I cannot describe the feelings of such when spring comes, bringing with it the desire of the house-wife to begin But since each house-cleaning. year I am called upon to aid in this undertaking, I feel that I can understand the attitude toward it of each member of the family. It so happens that there are no boys in our family, and since it is at this time of the year that the gentleman of the house finds it necessary to remain at the office for the evening or to attend some special meeting of the club or lodge or some party at a friend's where he expects to meet a prospective client, much of the responsibility falls on me to beat the rugs and lift furniture. Of course there can be no connection between the frequent absences of the man of the household and the fact that his favourite arm-chair is placed upside down on top of the sewing-machine and his pipe hidden in the depths of his wife's sewing basket. Even when accidently he can discover all these articles necessary to make him comfortable, there is no place from attic to cellar where he may retire without being molested. Many of the movable objects, such as the bed, springs, mattress and bedding have been removed to the balcony, while the vanity dresser and chifferobe have been pulled out into the hall for the present. Then all the immovable objects, such as the woodwork, windows and floors, are being scrubbed and polished or probably painted until it is hardly safe for any gentleman to move around the house lest he suddenly become smeared with paints and varnishes. If ever he comes home early there are always rugs to be beaten and heavy pieces of furniture to be lifted. This, together with the

thoughts of that detestable dinner of fried potatoes, cold meat and rice pudding, make for him his final decision to avoid remaining at home any longer than the length of time which he allots to sleep.

Seemingly, the most terrifying phase of the whole operation to him is paper hanging. Why a man who can climb to perilous heights while constructing a building, or work out a brief for some renowned law-suit or sit dozing over a column of figures all day long, will tremble at the mere thought of wielding a simple paste brush, is more than I can understand. He would rather face a mad dog than the risk of finding a strip of damp, pasty paper twined about him. Only with great difficulty can be be persuaded to assist in this distasteful task. Nevertheless fresh paper carefully hung is an encouragement to the housewife. She scours the woodwork, polishes the windows, hangs freshly laundered curtains and lays the rugs, reluctantly beaten by male hands. Into this spotless woman's paradise, the furniture is again carried and arranged and rearranged and arranged once more until the location of each article seems satisfactory for the present.

When a similar treatment has been rendered to each of the rooms, both upstairs and down stairs, she then, after much evasion, attacks that so-called attic from which she drags all manner of articles, including old trunks which contain her wedding clothes, toys used by each of her children, some fur coats, in which the moths have been revelling and which she declares for about the sixth year in succession must be Then finally from the burned. great wooden box in the corner, she drags the old school books, which, having been used incessantly by each member of the family, and then stored away for four years, are now falling in shreds. These she ponders over, bringing back reminiscenses of the school days of each of her family. She had previously decided to burn these, but nevertheless she piles them back neatly in that old box, thinking that maybe next year she would destroy them. This nearly completes her cleaning in the house with the exception of the basement. But house cleaning includes not only the house but all the

surrounding area. Of course the gardens must be dug and hoed. This job she allots usually to her husband if it is possible to keep him home long enough. Thus, although it is a time to be dreaded and eluded, it is nevertheless to be looked forward to with much joy and enthusiasm.

ON RUINING THE NERVES OF ONE'S FAMILY

By Kenneth Fraser, 4B.

/OU'LL be the ruin of me yet" cried my mother at the end of a long and voluble lecture during which I had stood first on one foot, then on the other, looking far across the lake, then staring at the cold grey sands, then vainly endeavouring to speak one word in my behalf. Yet not a chance of explanation did I receive and during the slight intervals of the long harangue I endeavoured to reason out why parents should worry and fuss and "stew" over so slight a matter. I still lived, had had a thrilling experience and looked forward to telling the tale with much enthusiasm, yet here stood my mother putting a cold damper on it all and making me feel that I was a scoundrel. wicked and due for some terrible end if I didn't change my ways. Moreover, I was advised to become more like a sane and reliable boy with some grain of common sense. I began to feel I was the black sheep of the family and dim thoughts of running away to return later a great general or a millionaire and have people say, "See him, I knew him when he was only a poor boy" came to me. This gave me some satisfaction but other thoughts better still came to me. Why not die and make everyone sorry for me, for a change. My eves welled at the thought of it and I felt cold, desolate, lonely, with not a friend in the world.

It was a fine summer day, the hot sun shone down from the blue skies across which a lazy white cloud floated slowly, and the bright sands reflected the rays until the horizon seemed to quiver and look unreal. The lake was blue, slightly darker than the skies and except for a few purpled streaks which now and then traced their way across the broad expanse, a perfect calm prevailed. Moreover, it was Sunday and that peculiar calm known only to Sabbaths hung over the land. I sat musing on the glaring sidewalk, trying to think of some excitement when who should come along but my chum and after the first cordialities were exchanged we decided to go canoeing or rather sailing. I had a sudden premonition that my mother would not be pleased by the prospect, but the idea was so entrancing that we decided to risk it and in a few minutes we met on the beach, each with his allotted equipment. I had secured an old piece of canvas and a broken oar, and by means of much labour finally rigged up a sail of no usual merit. We shoved off and the wind having changed to the south we sailed the only possible way for us, as we had neither keel or lee-boards, straight out. We felt perfectly sure that at any time we could drop the sail and paddle back to land, but as the wind had risen we disliked putting an end to our pleasure and soon were

skimming over the deep waters at a fast clip. We did not know that at that time my mother returning from church sighted us a dim speck in that expanse of blue and in a moment had the whole beach aroused. Soon after, however, we saw a crowd appear on the beach and a canoe put off in our direction. Sensing some excitement we pulled up and leisurely paddled back. The new canoe soon drew up and to my disgust I found no other than my two sisters waving and shouting. Great was my anger to find that all the trouble was over me. This was the last straw. That a person could not go sailing without having his sisters sent for him was too much. I told them so in the most forceful language I knew, and I hope that since that time they have forgiven me for the shock I gave them. That ended sailing for many days to come and once more I was agrieved with the world and my mother a nervous wreck.

The next thrilling experience I had was a very different type of day. The north wind was blowing and the lake was churned to its very depths, while long billows rolled splashing to shore. That my father should receive on this day, the greatest scare of his life was not really my fault and I blame it on a girl whom I am sorry to say I never loved. She was red haired, freckled and skinny and wore long pig-tails even after it was quite fashionable to bob, and shoes and stockings on the hottest day in August. Moreover, she continually

got me in trouble through the use of her long tongue. On this day my chum and I were having the greatest fun of our lives. We were surfriding with my canoe. That is we paddled out about two hundred yards, waited for a sufficiently high wave to bear us to shore and then paddled just a little in order to be caught by the wave. The rest was easy, for all we had to do was keep our balance, steer and enjoy the keen pleasure of travelling on the foaming crest of a huge wave. That is it was easy for professionals. Despite the greatest care and skill however, we often capsized. There was no danger in this as long as we jumped clear of the canoe for then we could swim to shore and drag the canoe after us. This day we had the best of luck until suddenly the momentum became too great, the canoe plunged down, the wave submerged its prow in the hollow between the crests and swerved sharply to the right. We were both thrown as from catapults but in a few minutes were on our way to shore taking it all in the day's game. However, this was not the end for this girl whom I have already told you about ran screaming through the park that we were both drowned. My poor father turned white. He ran as fast as he could to the water's edge and there beheld us ready to set out again. Needless to say we did not set out and I sometimes wonder if he meant all he said that day as he stood white and shaking, leaning on the boathouse in an utter collapse.

NIAGARA IN WINTER

By Henry South, 5

WHO, having seen Niagara in winter, can forget the beauty and majesty of this sleeping cataract? For no longer is its thunderous roar heard for miles around,

winter having wrapped it in a covering of ice, with only a thin trickle of water flowing where once rushed the tremendous torrent.

While the Great Lakes are slowly

freezing over, this great river is still swiftly roaring on its way to the sea, unimpeded by the cold which has already frozen lesser streams. But as the grip of winter tightens on the land, even this mighty monster is forced to bow its head in submission, defeated, but ever fighting against the huge icefloes which seem to choke its waters to a mere brooklet, crashing their torturous way through hidden passages, tossed high in the air by hidden shoals, until they reach the brink of Niagara, here to leap far out into space, finally falling with a tremendous splash into the turbulent waters below. Here they are met by other great floes and, uniting in one enormous mass, defy the river to dislodge them. Floe after floe is hurled over the brink to join its fellows below, until they stretch from Canadian to American shores in one huge ice-bridge, which continues, unbroken, down the river for a quarter of a mile. Small black dots can be seen moving over this broken surface, as some venturesome persons place their lives in the hands of this treacherous thing of nature.

On the American shore, a dazzling picture of beauty greets our eyes, for we see a veritable wonderland. Small mounds of ice, glistening like crystal balls, surround a high ice-mountain, the top of which reaches almost to the brink of this Fall. Miniature figures can be seen climbing up and down this crystal mound, as numerous persons scale it for a closer view of Niagara from this point of vantage. The waters of this fall, too, are reduced to mere trickles, where once flowed, and again will flow, this boundless flood of waters.

But now, let us go from the river and turn our gaze to the shores, for here indeed is a fairy-land on earth, a land of glistening beauty, a paradise whose existance would not be believed unless seen. Bare skeletons of trees have donned a mantle of ice which hides their deformities and reveals only their beauty. Bowed down with this heavy covering of ice, the limbs form ice and crystal palaces for the fairies and ethereal folk to sport in, for surely these creatures alone could inhabit such dwellings.

Then the weather becomes milder, winter loosens his grip on the land, the river awakens from his sleep, beginning again his struggle with the cold. Slowly, but ever surely the ice is forced down from the upper river, the ice-bridge is being upheaved by some internal disturbance, until with a mighty rush the river breaks his bonds and the waters once more sweep on in their boisterous way towards the Once more the roar of a mighty Niagara is heard by all who care to listen, as it sings its song of victory; free, yes, free, but only for a few short months, when again its voice will be silent, and its waters unseen.

ON LOSING ONE'S FRECKLES

By Marion Ellwood, 5.

WELL do I remember the days when I used to dream of having a lovely pink and white complexion, magically free of those little brownish blotches which Nature has so liberally sprinkled over my countenance. This is one of my

dreams which has long vanished, not because I have acquired any love for freckles, but because I have given up hope of ever losing them. I used to loudly bewail my fate when the thought that I must go through life the victim of these invidious

little sunspots swept over me, but I have ceased to do that too. I suppose I will always secretly pity myself a little in that regard whenever I happen to think of it, but I do not want other people's sympathy. I have heard quite enough of such platitudes as, "Freckles always go with red hair" or "It's only people with very delicate complexions who ever have freckles." They never give the consolation that was evidently intended.

Freckles are not generally so prominent in winter as in summer but after the first warm sunny breezes of spring, they appear in all their glory. In fact, they seem to come out in much the same manner as the flowers come up. They steal out suddenly and take you un-About this time of year awares. some spirit of mischief seems to seize my brothers and they will exhaust all their resources in efforts to describe my freckles accurately. They hit upon one expression, which always irritates me unreasonably. At the very whisper of "turkey egg" volcanic eruptions convulse me.

To come back to my title, I will have to confess that I have never really tried to lose my freckles. This may seem a most ridiculous confession when one reads of "Madam So-and-So's Freckle Eradicator" which removes all traces of them in one application. Be warned all fair aspirants to a freckle-free face, it might well be guaranteed to remove the skin from a rhinoceros but it has absolutely no effect on freckles. I have never tried any of these powerful lotions myself but I have seen their disasterous effects. I would infinitely prefer to use milder cures if I should ever decide to try one at all. Many methods of eradication have been recommended but they all have some drawback. Buttermilk is claimed to be very

efficacious by some but I have never been able to overcome an intense loathing for this liquid. Others uphold the merits of lemon juice while I have even heard a few lauding the excellent bleaching properties of peroxide, but here again I must confess lack of personal experience.

There is one remedy for freckles which I have not vet mentioned. It is an old-fashioned one which is declared to be infallible by grandmothers and other people learned in homely remedies. All that is required is a lot of will power, Nature will do the rest. The maiden desiring to acquire a perfect complexion must get up on a summer morning before sunrise, walk out bare-footed and wash her face in dew. On the one occasion on which I tried it my plans were balked by an unsympathetic mother. In some inexplicable way, I managed to wake in time and was carefully stealing down stairs when an ominous creak shattered the silence of the morning. I took another cautious step but my tender foot landed on a sharppointed pebble. This was more than human nature could endure and I sat down heavily on a stair-step. Just then a sleepy voice called out from above. It was no use. My family did not understand. I was ordered back to bed and never tried the scheme again so I still cannot give a personal testimonial as to the efficacy of this remedy.

I have come to the conclusion that if you have freckles you might just as well reconcile yourself and leave them alone. No matter how many layers of skin the sun may remove from your nose in the course of the swimmer, faint brownish patches are always discernible in the layer underneath. Perhaps, after all, freekles are "fairy favours" and the outward sign of some hidden qual-

itv.

I PUT UP STOVE-PIPES

By H'. E. Jones

T IS very strange how one remembers his first attempt at a There is one fond recollection, which I always have; it is of the time when I put up some stovepipes by myself. I actually spent a whole morning fooling with those tin contraptions which cost me so many cuts and bruises and almost ruined my reputation as a Sunday-School teacher.

I took two lengths of piping and started my task. After trying every method from brute force with the mallet to leverage with a screwdriver, I succeeded in joining the two, only to find that I had both the crimped ends together. This was my first misfortune but by no means my last. Well, after placing one end tightly between my knees and tugging violently, the pieces separated more quickly than I had expected, hurling me off the chair into the ever-ready coal scuttle.

I began my exertions again after drinking a glass of ice-water to cool my emotions. This time I was more methodical and had four lengths and an elbow assembled with a rapidity, which almost overcame me. veying the result with pride I was ready to pat myself on the back and say, "Well done thou good and faithful pipe-litter."

My work was almost complete, vet at the peak of all my glory, I was very much annoved to find myself half a length short or rather that length too much, for I still had a whole piece untouched. I was much perplexed at the thought of cutting this. Having no shears, I took the next best thing, a canopener. Armed with this ingenious tool, I began my perilous task. I was progressing favourably, having zig-zagged through the first halfcircle when the blade slipped and embedded itself neatly in my hand. My semi-savage instinct overcame me. I kicked the wretched pipe and the can-opener to bear it company across the kitchen.

Gradually I became calm. I took up my instruments again and completed the second instalment of the cutting without further trouble. When I had squeezed my last piece into a more respectable shape, and assembled it with its fellows, I began the final operation which I am pleased to say was a complete suc-Nobody knows unless it be fellow stove-pipe worker, what a relief I felt as one end of the long tubular structure slipped gracefully into the chimney hole while the other with equal grace united with

the mouth of the stove.

ON LEARNING TO SWIM

By Charles Phelps, 4B.

FROM my first recollections I recall the thrill that played along my spinal column as I gazed with eager and admiring eves on the pictures of successful swimmers, who had broken records. In the beginning I only waded about aimlessly. However, in time, I was excited by

a desire to learn to swim. In order to accomplish this feat, I began to observe and to imitate others. With my hands placed on the sandy bottom, I would kick and splash persistently, to the annovance of those At last, almost disabout me. couraged at my useless efforts, I

sought advice freely bestowed by contemporate neophytes. By one it was suggested that I inflate my cheeks to their fullest extent and pump vigorously. This trial only resulted in lack of breath, so that when I opened my mouth it was immediately filled with water. When my patience was overcome, I finally persuaded my father to administer a series of lessons to me. Needless to say, when he supported me by the chin, in the excitement that followed I paddled strenuously with my arms and forgot to kick. To my utter amazement, of course I found myself standing. After much instruction, I could finally boast that I was able to take a dozen consecutive strokes with the aid of my teacher. However, with all my arduous labor, tutoring and choking, I made but little, if any, progress in the science of swimming. It seemed quite clear to me that all famous swimming aces were the descendants of Neptune or the result of long evolution from some gigantic form of lizard or prehistoric animal, rather than from the monkey family.

Yet, as I remember my own perplexities, a flood of other incidents is spread in a panorama, across my mind. Predominent among these is a spectacle which occurred a few summers ago and is quite common, I believe. In the placid clearness of Lake Huron, stood a very corpulent lady, holding in her mighty grasp an obscure pair of water wings. In exasperated tones, she piteously complained to her husband that the little brute of an article would not support her. However, this circumstance was not pitiable, because the sheer ridiculousness of it mocks its pitiful aspects. I should judge that our distressed friend would tip the scales at about two hundred and fifty pounds. Now, a pair of water wings, with a volume of less than one cubic foot, would displace in the neighborhood of forty-five pounds of water, when completely submerged in it. To float this little lady with her head above

the surface of the water would require, then, about seven or eight of these accessories. And what with deficient ones that would go flat or become dislodged from their moorings, a small fleet of about twelve water wings would be necessary. Now, had this Amazon but thought a second time, or had she had him think for her, the only place where she would be able to swim with one pair of water wings, would be in the Dead Sea, whose buovant properties are well-known. In all, one would condemn rather than condone the actions of this helpless being. Besides, I have witnessed a man with a stout half inch rope about his chest frightened to trust his friend, who was holding the other end of it, and who was instructing him how to proceed. However, learning to swim is not altogether a pleasing or hilarious experience, for some have been reported to have had very narrow escapes, while still others have drowned. Fear of being drawn under by a current, or of being overcome by cramps, is one thing that prevents people from attempting to learn.

To my mind, the only substitute for swimming in water, would be a mechanical device that would give a similar sensation. If it was possible to construct an electrical horse for President Coolidge, it seems reasonable that such a machine could be made, that would direct a person through the various movements of swimming.

On a warm, invigorating summer's day, one may stand on the beach at Lake Huron Park and witness all the stages of learning to swim, just as Jaques pictures the seven stages of life. Near the shore, in the shallow water are the majority of beginners, who represent all ages of life. On the sandy bottom children sit eager-eyed and happy; beside them, people of mammoth proportions, who pant with the heat and with the exertion of building sand houses. Beyond these is the wading class, some of whom move slowly to avoid

sharp stones, others, who splash and kick vigorously. In the water waist deep are the pupils and teachers. With goans of agony the beginner implores his helper to give him more support. Afraid to trust himself off his feet the pupil paddles half-heartedly. Again, he accuses his instructor of attempts to duck if not to drown him. A short distance further out are the more ambitious learners, who strive to teach themselves by various means. In one

place a boy trails in the lurch of a water-soaked log. Others have water wings, while still more try to learn without any aid. More accomplished swimmers to the admiration of those in lower grades of accomplishment, make short excursions out into the lake and back again. However, despite the inability of most of them, they cheerily return home refreshed and with the usual exclamation, "I just had a swim!"

BEING A TREATISE ON BOOKS

By Alva Elford, 4A.

OOKS! They have many and **D** varied uses but the first, I think, and the one for which they were originally intended is that of being read. Then they come in very handy when one is decorating and runs out of inspiration. A book, as you know, often adds a spash of colour and an atmosphere of learning to a place. Again, they are extremely useful as weapons, offensive and defensive, and to light a fire with when one is in a hurry. They may be collected as one collects old furniture, glass and unusual antiques. But the use to which I was first introduced was that of elevating small children to a more natural position at table.

If one really wishes to read a book it is not very difficult to find one to satisfy any mood. Personally I advise you to read "King Pest", "The Tell-Tale Heart," or "Murders in the Rue Morgue"—in fact any of Poe's delightful stories—when you are all alone in the house and the shadows have people and snakes and animals in them, and the floors creak every time you rock, and the door knobs are turned stealthily, and the windows are shaken, and the fire crackles with startling loudness and the flames half reveal people who aren't there, and little

cold winds from nowhere send prickles up and down your back and raise your hair. But after all it is so very ordinary to read a book that we will pass on.

When the decorator has done an unusually bad job he hides it under a shelf of books or a few book cases When one becomes too decided in one's gestures and inks the wall, the best remedy is to hide the damage under an imposing row of books in harmony with the colour scheme of the room. Of course it is possible to follow my example and change the inkspots into drawings but that is only advisable when one is dealing with a light or plaster wall. In the long run though, books are best for there is an idea still surviving from the dark ages, when only learned people possessed books, and actually read them that they are symbols of knowledge and good taste. In other words they look distinguished. But allow me to throw in a word of caution here, always be careful to cut the pages in the books whose donors you are likely to see.

Anyone who has never had a book hurled at his head is either an angel or a freak. Everybody knows that books were intended to be hurled at someone. Catherine de Medice

tried to poison Henri Quatre, or Henri the Great, with a book whose pages were stuck together with a poisoned mixture. She killed her son instead. That is why one should throw books. One is more sure of the right person receiving Boots and shoes are conthem. venient at times but always you will find that you can get a better throwing grip on a book. A shoe will not spread out on landing, a book will in a most amusing and efficient manner. Fruits and rotten cucumbers alone spread out better than books but alas! one can use them but once. Now as anybody knows a book can be used again and again. One hears of pillow fights but not of book fights! It is easily explained. A book is the height of efficiencv and before one can get worked up to the proper battle fervour one discovers that the unfortunate op-

ponent has departed.

When in a hurry on a cold winter's morning to light the fire in the fire place I prefer the modern novel as kindling. When I was very little I was early initiated into the "Society of the Book-chair." My parents had found that high-chairs were not safe for me. I learned, before I could walk, to rock back and forth in my high-chair, gradually increasing my swing till with a mighty crash I fell, bringing down anything and everything near me. Accordingly about meal time the big dictionaries and two or three encyclopaedias would be brought out, placed on a chair and topped by a small, squirming lump of humanity—myself. I soon found that a book chair will not rock but—. I hated sitting still for any length of time and meals seemed endless. I wriggled and squirmed, I put my hands behind me to give a little push to the bottom book. Mother told me to sit still. I did—momentarily. As soon as she looked away I wriggled again. I sat back, then pulled myself forward. I pushed the bottom book out. All this in the most innocent manner while the rest

talked and ate, and ate and talked, and told me to sit still. Finally my moment, my grand climax came and by sitting back behind the books I pushed them ahead and they fell to the floor. Then might one have seen my round innocent face glowing as is only possible when one has succeeded, emerge from the cloud of dust. Such were the high and the low moments of my life. That is also why our dictionaries and enevelopaedias present a slightly dilapidated appearance.

When I was little and it was raining or storming outside and I was kept in as punishment I consoled myself by pulling out all the big books I could find and patiently leafing them over in search of pictures. I remember sending a whole afternoon turning over page after page of a complete set of "Waverley Novels" to find the illustrations and one in particular which had caught my fancy. My feet went to sleep that afternoon for the first time in my life. I am naturally so restless that I had never been still long enough before for them to get a

chance to even doze.

Being the baby I had not many new toys. I was an inquisitive little tyke and in finding what made the wheels go round, I usually broke the whole affair. In consequence, I early learned that books have many uses particularly the big ones. For instance, I would pull out the dictionaries and the encyclopaedias and a few of Dad's larger books. place them in a tall wavering tower of Pisa, then climb up on top and rock. I think you can imagine the resulting crash. Our dictionaries were a great source of interest to me, for among other minor details they contained many illustrations. The full page ones were protected by a thin sheet of white paper. (In the backs of these I learned to write I find that "I am a very good girl and Florence a very bad one," and the opposite, and learn many new and unusual spellings of our names. In fact I believe that all our family

left specimens of early handwriting in some book, or a legend to the effect that the writer was good and the rest of us were very bad. Also it was customary to try our hand at writing an appreciation of a book in a prominent place, usually the first or last page.

Some people collect books, first editions, old musty books, in dingy unlovely covers. Of course they never read them. Imagine sitting on genuine Chippendale chairs, or drinking from a Venetian glass goblet. Naturally it is absurd. Even though I cannot remember all my early literary experiences my more recent ones are still fresh in my memory. I can quite distinctly remember leaving the room under a hail of books on account of some minor misdemeanor such as dropping a garter snake, only a small one, but quite lively, or a toad or a frog down Florence's neck when she was engrossed in a story. was interesting but—somewhat uncomfortable. It is unfortunate but true that we are hot tempered. Why couldn't she take it as a joke? The worst of it was that some of these books I thus received were school books I had thought successfully lost. A lost school book is, like a dead Indian, a good one, while a convenient one, aways at hand when wanted, is a nuisance,

PEANUT BUTTER

By Mervin Bury, 4B.

*HERE is no article of food (if it may be called that) which I detest more, than the slimy, sticky, sometimes dry and crumbling substance—peanut butter. It has always been a nuisance to me and is especially in evidence at parties and social gatherings.

How long peanut butter has irritated me at meals or luncheons I cannot remember, but past experience has taught me to beware of its presence. When I was about five vears of age I went to a party given in honor of another boy's sixth birthday. How I came to be invited to Donald McDonell's party I do not know, for I scarcely knew the boy, as he had recently emigrated from Scotland. We had a jolly time at the party until luncheon was Then Mrs. McDonell, a served. small good-natured woman, passed the plates and sandwiches around. To my dismay they were filled with peanut butter and to make matters worse that was all there was between the thick slices of bread. Mrs. McDonell must have been a

very thrifty person to serve that dry unpalatable substance as a filling and to provide no liquid refreshment. After we were gone she must have breathed several sighs of reief, both because we had departed and because the water was not measured through a meter, for those youngsters certainly had an amazing capacity for consuming water. This incident was one of the many which taught me to look on peanut butter with a canny eve.

For many years I managed to "steer clear" of the disagreeable byproduct of the peanut. But a year ago I had an experience that came almost unexpectedly, after which I resolved never again to eat this substance. We were at camp, about fifteen boys, on the lake shore, some distance from the city or the nearest store. On Thursday the cook had been called to the city and promised to bring with him a fresh stock of Saturday came and provisions. went but still no cook. Early Sunday morning the boys arose and

raced to the lake for their morning

dip. After fifteen minutes of this exhilarating and invigorating exercise they dashed back to the camp for breakfast. But there was no breakfast. The cook had not returned and worse than that the provisions were very scarce. We assembled all the provisions on the table and took stock of them. There was half a box of sodas, about a quarter of a pail of jam, a little butter and a large five pound pail of peanut butter. With as much cheerfulness as could be expected under the circumstances we proceeded to get our breakfast ready. We had some difficulty in opening the peanut butter pail, but after considerable assault upon the lid with the butcher knife, hammer and can-opener, we managed to get the lid off. To our surprise, we thought the contents was no good, for at the top of the pail was a covering of slimy oil about an inch thick. After pouring the oil off it was tasted and found good by several brave volunteers. During our breakfast we consumed the rest of the jam and butter some of the sodas and some peanut butter. After our meal we began to clean up the camp so as to have it in good shape for the cook who would most likely return by noon at the latest. Noon came and still no cook. and very little to eat. Fifteen hungry boys crowded around the pail of peanut butter and the few sodas. Hitherto this substance and I did not meet, for I had made my breakfast on the jam. But now I was confronted with the alternative of eating peanut butter or going hungry. I chose the former. Never before had peanut butter been so dry. Probably we should not have poured the oil off at breakfast time. Soon I found myself in one of the most peculiar situations I had ever experienced. The vellow-brown butter was dry, so very dry and so were the sodas. My mouth began to swell inwardly, my tongue and the roof of my mouth seemed to be

trying to touch one another, while my cheeks were drawn inward by a powerful force of suction. Under such conditions the movement of my jaws were almost impossible. With many gulps of water I tried with great difficulty to wash the obstruction away from my mouth and throat. After some time I gave the task up and decided to go hungry. Many of the boys decided likewise, and we started down the road for the nearest store or house where we could purchase something to eat. But we had not gone far when we saw approaching a car and to our great rejoicing it was the cook's coughing, jangling old Ford. A half an hour later we were hungrily devouring a good substantial meal and the old camp spirit revived. And that can of peanut butter? Well that afternoon several of the boys went for a canoe ride and we. with great satisfaction, watched that unpalatable substance sink to a region where it would never again be dry and at the same time heard the waters gurgling in dismay on receiving such a disagreeable article in their realm.

Peanut Butter! "Children cry for it"; "Men yell for it"; "Women shriek for it!" Such are advertisements one can read about this "pure, rich, creamy substance." But I find the situation entirely different, for usually the people mentioned above are in that mood AFTER eating peanut butter and not 'FORE it.

I do not believe that peanut butter is as popular to-day as it has been. But even yet at parties one occasionally meets the stuff, although sometimes prepared in a more modern style. A great many hostesses have brilliant ideas in preparing the luncheon and the unwary guest finds the detestable substance in sandwiches disguised with lettuce, pimentos and salad dressing. Usually it is the custom to have the lettuce leaf protruding from between the bread to act as a bait. Sometimes chopped peanuts are

added to the mixture to increase the agony of the consumer.

Peanut Butter—"one hundred per

cent pure, made of the choicest peanuts" but I will never eat it as long as there is any other food.

ON LOSING FOUNTAIN PENS

By Dorothy Richards

HESE treasurers of childhood and youth are lost in every conceivable nook daily. The brilliancy of colours in which they are made would seem to make their loss a practical impossibility. Producers strive in the most expensive pens and in the cheapest imitations to make the colour predominant. Notwithstanding pens are lost and pens are found. Will this go on forever? In the office of the school much of the secretary's valuable time is wasted by sorrowful students who vainly seek lost fountain pens. A cardboard box which is filled with a collection of pens of varied colours and values as well as incomplete parts, rests in the safe. brought out often, its contents turned out, then it is returned; but never does it hold that which I am seeking. My search goes on until in despair, I ask: "My fountain pens, where are you?"

The first pen I owned, one year grew on my Christmas tree beside the icicles that did not melt. A shining black, ladies' Waterman pen with a gold filler and a ring in the cap then seemed a wondrous treasure. Jealously was it guarded from scratch or fall for months. Regularly, carefully did I clean it, till after a year and a half, on a lovely June day while returning home from school I lost it. No one would have suspected that so tragic a thing could happen on that beautiful day, but I must have screwed the cap on loosely for the pen was gone while still the cap swung lightly on the ribbon, no longer ornamental since its service was exhausted. first loss seemed cruel in its tragedy,

yet the blow is just as sharp with repetition, lacking perhaps the agonizing duration.

Many pens have followed the first but perhaps none suffered more than the third one in the order of possession. The second was altogether too small to be watched closely or guarded for any length of time. Consequently, number three was a man's pen that had been used for five years yet showed a dearth of hard knocks. Now its career was radically reversed. The initial misfortune took the form of a crack in the top which was swiftly followed by the loss of a piece from one side of the aforementioned cap. After a brief time had elapsed, synchronizing with the breaking of the clip came the cracking of the barrel, which so weakened the strength of that vital organ that the least pressure caused it to bleed an alarming stream of ink. Adhesive tape served to remedy this defect until a fall, as from a precipice, over the banister on third floor to the lower corridor of the school ruined the point and another pen had departed this life. Then I was at a loss to find another. After diligent search, however, one revealed itself that had been used for back hand writing. This resulted in the points being crossed so as to make writing entirely impossible. Since necessity is the mother of invention, I tried writing with the back of the point so that in the end it could be made to work remarkably well. when that result was obtained I lost it as per usual.

Twice it has happened that I have almost sympathized with poor pens

that have, after much ill treatment, escaped from torture at my hands. Broken, battered, or badly bent they can hardly have gone far in this hard world, since they had approached already dangerously near the end of their useful days. Have others lost pens as I have? or do they merely abuse them? My case repeats the history of all ages since fountain pens began. They always have eluded owners. Yet how, and and where? are we to say? When Mother or Aunt first carried it, her fountain pen rubbed knuckles with pencils in a little case dangling from her belt where also was fastened her watch chain. To-day it would be as absurd for a girl to carry her pen in a leather case as to carry her watch on a chain fastened to her belt. These styles passed into history with great plumed, beflowered hats, and trailing skirts that saved the floor polisher by catching all dust. When clips were first put on pens, and strange as it may seem they did not grow there from the beginning. people thought that never again could their fountain pens escape them. They had effectually disap-

peared from pockets, from cases. with cases and through pockets, but surely could not disappear henceforth. Yet we know it is all too true that clips, unlike glue, do not make pens stick to their owners forever, nor are they iron bands that wil not break asunder. Something more must be done. We have rings in the caps, pens with huge barrels that suck in ink as though from unquenchable thirst. Such huge pens have appeared that to write makes one's hand ache with their weight, a pocket bulge and sag and rip. An abomination has appeared as a wolf in sheep's clothing, in the form of pens flaming in rainbow coloursgold, jade, scarlet, purple—that are advertised as made to match any costume vet ever achieve the maximum of horrible contrast. So huge, so glaringly bright are they, surely they could not be mislaid, but alas, how often they are! Manufacturers, hiding behind a pretence at effort, lose no trade by meeting the demand for a safety grip on pens. It remains for future generation to manufacture a fountain pen that defies the owner to lose it.

SOCIAL ERRORS

By William Treaits, 4B

I STUDIED the invitation and inwardly debated whether I should attend this tea or send my apologies. Afternoon teas happened to be a form of athletics which I had not previously indulged in and I was somewhat worried as to the routine of such functions.

However, the next afternoon I presented myself at my hostess' door. While removing my coat I became aware of a babble of talk and laughter issuing from an adjourning room and my spirits seemed to suddenly melt or rather evaporate. My confidence returned, however, as I stepped into the room

and found that no one paid any particular attention to me. With the aid of several shoves I floundered towards a heavily-laden table. Here a small cup and saucer, containing an eyeful of tea, was thrust into my hand and just as I turned away, a ridiculously large piece of cake was stacked on the saucer. Again assisted by numerous shoves I loped toward an empty chair.

Unfortunatey for all concerned, I chose a deep, easy-chair, the like of which I have since learned to ignore. At every move I bounced and at every bounce the tea spilled and the cake rolled alarmingly. Finally

having failed at all attempts to eat the cake and preserve the equilibrium of the tea at the same time I gave up in despair and rose to deposit tea and cake upon the table. I had hardly advanced a step when I was suddenly precipitated upon the floor with a loud thump and a tricking sound which usually accompanies the breaking of china. I gasped a word of appreciation to the practical joker (this was calculated to make the hostess think me innocent) and in the same breath apologised to my hostess. There was an ominous silence broken only by the clink of the broken china as I attempted to pick it up. Through the corner of my eye I could discern the grim forbidding countenance of my hostess and I felt distinctly out of The silence shrieked but place. fortunately some person opened the conversation and I was able to re-

sume my place. For some time my social calendar did not include any tea but I received another chance to redeem myself and resolved that I should keep in mind my former errors. I arrived a little early and having received the usual refreshment l chose, after careful consideration a straight high-backed chair which radiated an air of dependability. I was getting along famously when the conversation which, as usual, varied from murders to agricultural conditions suddenly centred on physicians. I grew quite interested and as the discussion became heated I found myself talking. "Doctors' I declared "were no more than a necessary evil." This remark was no doubt influenced by an article which I had latey read "Doctors I have known" written by a dope fiend. I began to wax eloquent and derided the medical profession in no I noticed how uncertain terms. every eye was turned in my direction and bethought me of my increasing powers of oratory. Suddenly I became aware of a sickening feeling, probably intuition, nevertheless I took warning and abruptly ended my speech. More silence, with everyone goggling at me so that I was not sure whether I was being flattered or snubbed. mistake soon became apparent, for on looking into the hall I perceived a door on which, in beautifully engraved letters was "Dr. R---I immediately assured the party that my remarks were not directed at the medical profession in general but at a certain unscrupulous class. There was an audibe sigh of relief, in which I joined with great gusto. The remainder of that festive afternoon will always remain stamped in my memory and my thanks to the hostess at the conclusion of the tea must have seemed hypocritical to say the least.

After such success in securing a "bull-in-the-china-shop" reputation for myself I now looked for other fields to conquer. My opportunity soon came in the form of a bridge party. I must confess at this point, that bridge is certainly not my "forte", on the contrary I am one of those players who never knows what the trump is. For three days I absorbed bridge in book form, but all to no avail, for on the fourth day as I sat down to play my mind became suddenly blank. To have watched the play one might have thought me to be playing for my opponents by the majestic way in which I trumped my partner's aces --very nice style but lack of technique. The opposing score rapidly assumed the proportion of a national debt to a charity subscription while I blissfully demonstrated my ignorance. I received great satisfaction, however, at the conclusion of play in receiving the consolation prize, appropriately named in this instance, the "booby" prize.

Having failed in all attempts to become a social celebrity I have not yet definitely decided what line to take up. The choice is varied but I have no doubt that success is near since I have discovered nearly all possible mistakes.

Augustine DeBuchette.



HELLAS

(The medal for the prize poem was won by Annie Leslie, 5)

Undauntedly fearless, Gainst both gods and men, The heroes of Hellas, Far-flinging Hellas, Passed out of our ken.

But fragrant as spice gardens Splashed by the moon, Are memories of Hellas, Great-hearted Hellas, Conquered too soon.

While lovely as asphodel, First gathered in June, Are the sweet songs of Hellas, Keen-hearted Hellas, Silenced at noon.

Though tragic as autumn winds, That mountagly erson, Were the gropings of Hellas, Truth-seeking Hellas, Artistically heren.

Still, gayly unfaded, As far now as then, The stories of Hellas, Adventurous Hellas, Are lore for the pen.

Annie Leslie, 5.

A LAKE SUNSET

The dying flame of autumn sun Foretells the reign of starry night, As brilliant colours twist and run Through mist and cloud to test and right.

As folds of autumn twilight creep Across the rippling restless surac, The dazzling rays of colour leap From crest to crest as they emerge.

The golds and reds with gleaming rush Through banks of cloud and misty dew; The brilliant touch of artist brush Dips down on all within its view.

The girasol is faled and dark To gonder opal round and bright, The Instrous blue of sapphire spack Retreats before this sunset sight.

As fading light of autumn night Encoraps the lake of beryl huc, Refractive rays of brilliant light Disperse and flee from worldly view,

Wm. A. Ewener,

SUNSET OVER LAKE HURON

In Huron's rippling waters, all agleam,
The sun, a crimson ball, has stack to rest.
Clouds, many-haed, nove climb the rosy west,
Their forms fantastic ever-changing seem.
Now balmy isles, where palms half shade a stream,
And vessels cleave each fiery billow's crest,
Nove spires and minarets, which breezes weest
From lofty summits. Soon the parting gleam
Of crimson fades from clouds and sombre sky,
A wisp of smoke from some great freighter trails
eleross the evening sky, to disappear
Among the twilight shades; bright Venus hails
The swift approach of night; nove faint, nove clear,
The tiny wavelets croon their lullaby.

James M. Ritchie.

TO AMBITION

Most prized of childhood dreams
Why do you drift away?
Why must our children play
And drift from you awhile,
From you, to scoff and smile
And lose a day?

WTy do you come to die
With but a timid rest?
Why do you merely jest,
When we in truth decide
And promise work of pride
To pass all test?

You hover iere and there, As birds on wing you glide; You turn fatique aside; And make us all desire Our fellows to inspire, With zeal and price.

- Wm. A. Ewener

SUNSET ON GEORGIAN BAY

The sun, that balmy afternoon, Had sailed in a clear, blue sky And as it lingered, tinting the west It said, Good-night to the world,—And rest—It promised For the morrow, not rain, But as bright a summer day, again.

Treas now nearly dark And the sun was fast sinking Lower, behind the sentinel pines. Yet richer in splendour Grew the roseate gleaming That lasted through dusk Till the moon was beaming On glassy, deep waters Between rocky isles.

Great tongues of flame From the fragrant forest Through smoke leaped to heaven Keffecting in east the vestern dyes And I veondered lone Flove so much beauty Could colour the canvas of one sky.

AUTUMN

The leaves of the maple have turned red; The daisies of the field are dead, The wrens and blackbirds long have flown; To the sunny south—their winter home.

The thrushes' warble is heard no more; The havek no longer is seen to soar. The distant hills have purple turned; As tho' some fire had left them burned.

The silk is flung from the milkweed pod; The plotoman's ploto turns up the sod, of The squirrel is high in the hickory tree; Getting his food for the winter to be.

The antlered deer flits swiftly by; Followed by hunter's line and cry. And every day is full of cheer; For now the Autumn days are here.

Oh, leafy bower and shady nook, Where are thy blooming columbines! Have they, like all the buds forsook Thy shelter and thy sighing pines!

Where are those violets, purple and frail, That hid among thy grasses deep! Where hide those downy, fluffy quail, That in thy sheltered nook did sleep!

All are none; when winter came, The columbines did wither and die, The birds, they watched the autumn wane, And then towards the South did fly.

The violets drooped their comely heads, And sank beneath the grasses dry. The quail, they flew away in dread, Of winter's keen and deadly ryy.

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A. DeLong, 2B

DREAMS

What has become of our dreams, dear, Long forgotten, Untild? Tonight they seemed very near, dear, Unfaled, Though old.

Dreams that were passion and colour, Dreams that were tender and sweet, Parading past with a scent of myrrh, Mocking me with their transit fleet!

What has become of our dreams, dear, Saddened, And gone, That memory has stored away, dear, Treasured, So long?

Annie Leslie, 5.

THE PASSING OF LIFE

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No longer to the heart does music play With harmony like that of other years, A song of love is lut a flood of tears Which in the surge precedes another day. Mere youth is spent like to a passing play, And hearts of oak retreat with creeping fears, As ancient knights before the Roman spears livere wont to seek their vealls of stone and clay We all remember joys with each regret, That in the stream of life have drifted by; Our dreams of great success we now forget, Though in our youth they mounted to the sky; And Death like old Osiris stalks his prey To ring the knell of each succeeding day.

Wm. A. Ewener

Le Departement Français

L'HOTE DU ROI

Une fois, il y avait un homme riche qui était très cruel aux pauvres gens, qui habitaient sur ses propriétés. Ils étaient bien très pauvres et l'homme riche, à qui toute la propriété appartenait et qui employait tous les gens, leur payait des gages bas et les gênait. Il arriva dans le pays une famine et les pauvres gens allaient au château du propriétaire demander du pain, mais l'homme riche leur en refusait même un morceau.

Le roi du pays entendit dire de ces choses et il invita l'homme riche à venir diner chez lui. Figurez-vous comme l'homme riche était orgueilleux, quand il reçut l'invitation du roi Il prépara ses meilleurs chevaux et meilleurs voiture, habilla ses domestiques en beaux habits et alla en voiture au palais du roi.

Le roi le mena dans la salle à manger, où l'on avait mis le couvert pour deux. La table était chargée de belles fleurs et de fruits et les domestiques du roi y étaient pour les servir.

Ils apportèrent au roi le potage et il le but. Quand il avait presque fini, ils apportèrent au propriétaire du potage. Mais quand, il allait le goûter, le roi finit son potage et les domestiques emporterent les assiettes, de sorte qué l'homme riche n'eut pas même une petite cuillerée. Puis ils apportèrent au roi un autre plat, qu'il trouva bon et après qu'il avait fini ils apportèrent le plat de l'homme riche. Mais avant qu'il ne pût toucher à son couteau et sa fourchette, on emporta les deux plats.

Et ainsi ils apportèrent au roi tous les plats et le roi disait à son hôte, comme ces choses étaient bonnes et il espérait que le propriétaire les savourait. Cependant chaque fois que le propriétaire tâchait de goûter à son diner, on emportait son plat. Enfin on vint à la fin du dîner et l'homme riche n'avait pas eu un seul morceau de nourriture, pas même un morceau de pain, car les domestiques oubliaient de lui en apporter et quand on dine chez le roi il ne lui faut rien demander. Et le propriétaire avait bien faim, parce qu'il avait été si occupé à se préparer pour ce diner chez le roi, qu'il n'avait rien mangé toute la journée et le dîner avait duré longtemps.

Après le repas, le roi mena l'homme riche dans le corridor, dit bon soir, et le propriétaire s'en alla. Pas un mot dit-il du dîner étrange où son hôte n'avait rien mangé. Quand l'homme riche rentra à la maison il avait bien faim et il n'oublia jamais la lecon que le roi l'avait enseigné en silence. Il était très bon pour les pauvres gens après ça, et il devint leur vrai ami.

POUR RIRE

Un jour un homme suivant un âne qu'il conduisait au marché, a rencontré un petit garçon. Le petit garçon a commencé à rire. Puis le homme a dit:

"Je ne suis pas ce que je suis, Car si j'étais ce que je suis, Je ne serais pas ce que je suis."

Un jour notre institutrice de fran-

çais a demandé à M. Bartley, que tout le monde connaît, d'écrire sur le tableau noir la phrase suivante, "The old professor delivered his address to the young ladies." Et ceci est ce qu'il v a écrit: "Le vieux professeur a fait la cour aux jeunes filles."

Un autre jour notre institutrice de français a demandé à M. Rose; "Étes-vous malade?" et M. Rose qui dormait comme toujours, a dit: "Non, je suis le "lad" de mon père et de ma mère."

Pendant la classe de français un jour récemment Mlle. Tailleur a demandé à Monsieur Stover de traduire cette phrase suivante: "Le Roi Henri s'écria, 'Je suis blessé, et expira presque à l'instant."

Et voici la traduction de notre ami Stover: "King Henri cried, 'I am dead', and expired almost instantly."

Pourquoi le dictionnaire ressemble-t-il à la bôite de Pandore?

Parce qu'il contient tous les mots (maux).

ROI POUR UN NUIT

Peut-être vous avez lu dans le "Petit Journal," le premier janvier, l'article du jour des Rois. Le jour des Rois ou la fête d'épiphanie est le six janvier. Ce jour-ci l'étoile apparut aux rois, leur annonçant la venue du Messie. Là vous avez lu comment on célèbre le jour en France à présent. La suivante est une histoire de ce jour-ci il y a longtemps.

Le Noel de cette année-là avait été peu satisfaisant pour Pierre Porcher, ce Noel de treize cent soixante quatre. En effet Pierre avait froid et faim toujours en hiver parce qu'il etait très pauvre. Il demeurait, avec sa mère dans une petite cabane en dehors de l'ancienne ville de Moulins en France. Toute la journée il travaillait pour aider sa mère. Son père était mort aux guerres.

Un matin froid, le jour avant la fête d'Epiphanie, un châtelain du duc Louis de Bourbon alla à cheval à la cabane de Madame Porcher. Le bon duc voulut emprunter le petit Pierre pour le féter au château. Le petit avait peur mais sa mère, assurrée enfin, consentit à lui permettre d'aller, et il s'en alla avec le châtelain.

Le prochain jour le petit Pierre se trouva assis à un grand festin. Il portait de beaux habits, une couronne à la tête. À tous côtés des serviteurs étaient debout prêts à le servir. Il pouvait sentir l'odeur de la viande cuite. Il pouvait voir les desserts de haut goût et le pauvre petit, qui n'avait jamais mangé rien que du pain noir, restait la comme si ce fut un rêve merveilleux. Il avait peur d'abord mais les chevaliers et le duc étaient si bons qu'il oublia bientot sa frayeur. Après qu'il avait mangé assez de bonnes choses, on le mena au trône à côté du bon duc. Pour le divertir des troubabours chantèrent et un bouffon fit rire tout le monde. Le petit Pierre était le roi du soir.

Mais le soir ne pouvait pas continuer toujours et le matin suivant. Pierre était encore dans la petite cabane à côté de la route.

Cependant elle n'était plus froide et triste. Le bon duc et les chevaliers avaient donné cent francs au petit Pierre et à sa mère. Ils pouvaient être bien maintenant. Nous ne savons pas ce que Pierre devint plus tard. Devint-il un marchand ou un charpentier? On ne nous raconte pas cela; Mais nous croyons qu'il n' oublia jamais son règne comme "roi".

C'est une vraie histoire. Elle se trouve dans un très vieux livre. "La Chronique du Bon Duc de Bourbon" Le deuxième Duc Louis de Bourbon était un brave homme. On l'appelait "le Bon et le Grand." Il continua cette coutume, le jour des Rois, jusqu' à sa mort en quatorze cent dix.

En appréciation de nos voisins, les Canadiens Français, voici quelque chose en français que tous les élèves, même ceux de la première année, pourront traduire.

La France

La France est un très beau pays et le fançais est une très belle langue. La France est grande, forte et juste. Les Français sont joveux, courtois et généreux.

La France est libre. Son gouvernement est une république. Sa devise est "Liberté, Egalité, Fratern-

ité." Voilà l'idéal français.

Le drapeau français est bleu, blanc et rouge. Le bleu représente la vérité; le blanc, la pureté; le rouge, le courage.

Nimez la France parce qu'elle est

digne d'être aimée.

Les Boeufs D'Alsace.

C'est le soir. Je suis devant la porte d'une ferme alsacienne au pied des Vosges. Je cause avec le fermier. Un chariot trainé par des boeufs passe. Mon hôte les regarde; il ne dit rien. Après quelques minutes de silence, il me dit:

—Moi, Monsieur, je n'étais pas avec l'armée en '70; j'étais malade au commencement de la guerre. Mais j'ai servi la France aussi.

Comment? Ecoutez!

Les Prussiens occupaient le pays. Ils passaient par notre village pour aller écraser la France.

Un matin, je donnais à manger à

mes boeufs.

Un sous-officier d'artillerie entre dans ma ferme:

-Paysan, donnez vos boeufs!

--Pourquoi?

—Pas de questions! Vite! Le

capitaine attend.

Ils dirigeaient des canons sur Paris. Ils voulaient mes boeufs pour tirer ces canons. Moi, aider à combattre la France? Ah, monssieur, jamais!

J'ai une idée. J'entre l'étable. Je conduis mes boeufs. Je vois un

canon au milieu de la route.

L'officier me dit:

—Attelez vos bocufs!

Je le fais.

—Maintenant, tirez ce canon!

Je siffle; mes boeufs ne bougent pas. Je les pique; ils ne bougent pas. L'officier prussien et les soldats frappent mes pauvres boeufs avec leurs baionnettes. Ils ne bougent pas.

—Pourquoi ne tirent-ils pas? Me demanda l'officier. Vous le savez!

Il menace de me fusiller. Mais il n'obtient rien, ni de mes boeufs, ni de moi.

Voici ce que j'avais fait; j'avais changé la position de mes bocufs; J'avais mis à droite celui qui était toujours à gauche, et à gauche celui qui était toujours à droite; c'est pour cela qu'ils ne voulaient pas tirer.

Et c'est ainsi que les boeufs d' Alsace ont refusé de passer les Vosges avec les canons de la Prusse.

UN CANTIQUE-RESTE AVEC NOUS, SEIGNEUR

(Tune—Abide With Me.)

Reste avec nous, Seigneur, le jour décline;

La nuit s'approche et nous menace tous;

Nous implorons Ta puissance divine; Reste avec nous, Seigneur, reste avec nous!

Dans nos combats si Ta main nous délaisse,

Satan vainqueur nous tiendra sous ses coups;

Que Ta puissance arme notre faiblesse;

Reste avec nous, Seigneur, reste avec nous!

Et, quand, au bout de ce grand pèlerinage,

Nous partirons pour le grand rendez-vous,

Pour nous guider dans ce dernier passage,

Reste avec nous, Seigneur, reste avec nous!



The purpose of the Exchange Column is to build up better magazines. We acknowledge other publications below, with what we consider constructive criticism and we in turn desire them to comment on and criticize "The Collegiate."

This year we have received along with our old friends many new or comparatively new publications. Several schools which have never ventured into the field of journalism previously, have broken the ice and have turned out very creditable numbers.

But it should be borne in mind that school magazines ought not to serve purely as a catalogue of the year's events. Recognizing the fact that it is absolutely essential to record such, it must be remembered that the real aim of the magazine should be to encourage the literary efforts of students. We have found several publications neglecting this all important phase and it is to be lamented.

We have enjoyed reviewing so many excellent magazines and we trust the criticism will be received in the spirit it is given. We have tried to give credit where credit is due but owing to the multitude of exchanges it is difficult to do justice to all.

ACADIA ATHENAEUM—Acadia University, Wolfeville, N. S.

Here's a welcome visitor from the Maritimes. The "Acadia Athenaeum" is a monthly magazine with a literary tone far above any other on our exchange shelf. Its class of literature is so mature and so classical that the atmosphere of the magazine is beyond reproach. We extend our hearty congratulations for the exceptionally high standard it is maintaining. Surely to read the "Acadia Athenaeum" is to enjoy a literary feast. Here is an example of the type of poetry found there:

DEATH

Art thou a portal, grim and brazen hung, Deepset in lofty walls and towered keep Wherein the human voice has never sung But all is shrouded in eternal sleep? Or art the symbol of th'appointed day In which the tired soul lays down the load Of cumbrous flesh, and gladly makes its

In happy freedom to a new abode? Or art the summons to the lofty seat Where haughty justice tends the balanced scales And grants each suppliant snade allotment

For what its earthly worthiness entails? Whate'er thou art, to man thou'll ever be A voyage on an unfamiliar sea.

WESTERN U. GAZETTE — Western University, London.

Your weekly contains many well-written and interesting news items but has not enough commendable literature.

McGILL DAILY-McGill University.

The only daily we have and it is naturally apreciated in our 'Study Room'. We often wonder how you manage to publish a big four-page daily week in and week out as you do and still always have so much interesting material. Your editorial department is invariably good, while your athletic accounts and humor provide much excellent reading matter. Undoubtedly the McGill Daily represents the finest news service found in our exchanges. We're very glad to have you with us.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW

This magazine is replete with short stories, athletic reports and humour, but the athletic department is by far the most conspicuous. Our advice would be to curtail this department somewhat and encourage more literary effort. Your pictures are unusually good, especially those of the rugby teams. You have seven husky squads to be proud of.

WINDSOR - WALKERVILLE TECH-NICAL SCHOOL YEAR BOOK.

The numerous cuts of your new Technical School clearly prove you have an up-to-date edifice. Your literary section was good and we appreciated the model bungalow and practical work portrayed in your magazine as done by students. Why not start an exchange column? A snap page or two and some good cartoons would liven up your publication. How is this for nonsense?

"If it takes a wood-pecker with a rubber bill three months to pick enough chips off a pine tree to make shingles at 90c each, how long will it take a grasshopper with a cork leg to kick the seeds out of a dill pickle?"

Will the person who lost a roll of bills with an elastic band around it please call at room 210 and receive the.....elastic band?

ARGUS—Sault Ste. Marie Collegiate Institute.

The Argus is unquestionably one of the best magazines on our exchange shelf. Your editorials are especially good; we appreciated those witty cleverly written articles on school life and trust you will continue to write in this vein. We note with interest you have three literary societies, junior, intermediate and senior. Other noteworthy phases of your year book are the unusually good art contributions, the Home Brew section and your humour. But we doubt if you are laying enough stress on the literary work.

VOX LYCEI—Hamilton Central Collegiate

Another splendid all-round magazine which is indeed a treat to review. It has everything a good publication should have and plenty of it. If there has been one section neglected we should say it is the literary. Your athletics are very well written and we compliment you also on the quantity and quality of your jokes. This department has been managed in a most delightful manner. We liked these:

(1) Circus man (excited—"Quick, take this gun, a leopard has escaped. If you see him, shoot him on the spot."

New help—"W-Which spot, Sir?"

(2) Teacher (in Chemistry class)—"Now class, one little slip with this material will blow us all sky high. Come in a little closer so you can follow me better."

(3) Clerk—"Yes, we have a Latin text. That will be \$1.50.

Student—"Any amusement tax?"

THE TATLER—Lindsay Collegiate Institute.

It is with pleasure we acknowledge receipt of "The Tatler." You might improve the appearance of your magazine with art headings for the various departments. Your literary work is particularly noteworthy. The appreciation of well-known authors demands some attention. Lindsay Collegiate's Dramatic Club is a very enterprising organization. We extend our compliments; presentation of two plays in one term is indeed an accomplishment worthy of note.

THE COLLEGIAN—St. Thomas Collegiate Institute.

Barring your literary department your magazine is difficult to criticize. Why not develop this section more? The short stories are interesting but your essays and poems are conspicuous by their absence. The Collegians' floral cover design is a pleasing change and the exchange column is full of lively comment. We would welcome any criticism on "The Collegiate." How do these sound from The Collegians' humour section?

Dobson—"Did you hear that Caesar came near marrying an Irishwoman?"

Gould—"No, did he?

Dobson—"Yes, when he went to the Rhine, he proposed to bridge it."

Proud Mamma—"My daughter is so intellectual, she's always reading about universities."

Second Ditto—"Yes, so is mine, she's so fond of 'College Humour'."

THE HOWLER—North Toronto Collegiate Institute.

A light breezy little magazine. You have a jolly humour section, one of the best we have seen yet. But don't you think your literary section should play a more conspicuous part? This is the first time we have had the pleasure of reviewing "The Howler" but we trust it will not be the last.

THE LANTERN—Sir Adam Beck Collegiate, London.

You have published a good all-round magazine and your first number too. We are not going to criticize adversely because you have turned out a publication which is a credit already to the fine school it represents.

ACTA NOSTRA--Guelph Collegiate-Vocational Institute.

Your Form Notes are the most complete we have reviewed. Why not experiment with one compact literary section, doubtless your magazine would benefit by it. Your Poet's Corner is all its name implies.

THE TWIG - University of Toronto Schools

The Twig is indeed a magazine which would do credit to any school. It not only has plenty of material but the material is of a very high order and is organ-ized with skill. The athletics are well reported with the spirit of school evident on every page. Your literature is worthwhile with the poetry above the average. Our only suggestion would be to comment in your exchange column. A fine magazine from an equally fine school.

Doug. (to lady friend at first rugby game)—"See that young man playing quarter? He'll be our best man before the season is over."

Lady friend—"Oh, Doug, this is so sudden."

TECALOGUE - London Technical and Commercial High School.

Here we have an original and particularly arresting cover. That portal effect is excellent. As for the contents of the magazine what it lacks in quantity it makes up in the quality of the material. The department dealing with 'Form Horoscopes' was thoroughly enjoyed. Might we suggest a few more stories, a snappage and perhaps an exchange column? We congratulate you on your accomplishment in printing your own magazine; it enables you to do away with all adver-

AUDITORIUM-Owen Sound Vocational Institute.

You have an interesting and well arranged annual. A few more poems would improve your literary section. As for your jokes, each and every one is original and entertaining.

(1) Teacher—"Why weren't you in class Monday?"

Johnny-"I have an excuse, sir."

Teacher -"Yes, and a pretty good excuse I'd call it, I've seen her."

(2) "Did you hear about the insane asylum inmate, Arthur Hackett, who couldn't get the bolt on his Ford screwed in, so finally remedied the situation by drinking some whisky?

"No, how did the booze help?" "It made the nut tight.

THE ORACLE-Woodstock Collegiate Institute.

A brand new exchange. You have a fine magazine but if we might be permitted to offer a suggestion we would advise more poetry. We appreciated that very interesting article on the North West Mounted Police.

GLEANER-Collingwood Collegiate Institute

Here's one with a rather dull cover but containing good reading material. Each department has been capably handled but more prominent headings and titles would improve the general appearance of the magazine. Collingwood does indeed turn out hockey stars and has made a reputation for itself in this winter sport. We are hoping to have an arena in Sarnia within the next decade and show the world we have much latent ability along these lines as well.

THE L. C. C. I. REVIEW—London Central Collegiate Institute.

And now we have the Christmas number of the Review and it proves to be an excellent, complete and highly entertaining publication. We have no adverse criticism. Perhaps the literary section should be given a more prominent position in the magazine. Congratulations on your art work and the French pages.

Translate this one. Le professeur—"Vous avez manqué hier à ma classe, Mademoiselle. Pour quel motif, s'il vous plait?"

L'étudiante—"C'était mon anniversaire

de naissance, monsieur.

Le Professeur—"Mauvaise excuse. Estce que je reste chez moi quand c'est le mien?

L'étudiante—"Oh! Vous monsieur, ce n'est pas la même chose. A votre âge, on est blasé.'

NORTHLAND ECHO-North Bay Collegiate Institute.

Why do you have only about four pages of attempted literature? We enjoyed your humour, especially this one entitled "Detention." It expresses our sentiments exactly

DETENTION

There is one little thing I would mention Concerning this awful detention One day I may meet In some silent retreat The fellow who made the invention. I know if my muscles keep gaining There'll be some bone-breaking and braining I will spread his remains

All over the plains There'll be none of him left worth reretaining.

THE WOLF HOWL-Sudbury High and Technical School.

Your cover design is clever and is in keeping with your name. We would suggest having a separate literary department with more poetry. The art work is ex-cellent, undoubtedly Dreary deserves much credit for his splendid contributions.

HERMES—Humberside Collegiate, Toronto.

And now we have the "Hermes" from Humberside where our very good friend and former teacher Miss Storey is. The students of the old Collegiate will never forget what Miss Storey meant to them. Humberside is indeed fortunate. We congratulate you on your first number of the Hermes. It was a pleasure to review it. A few more poems, a snap-page and some cartoons will round out your magazine.

THE SCREECH OWL — Bowmanville High School.

The humour here is exceptionally good and is of a more original nature than in the average school magazine. That Calendar was particularly entertaining and your "Who's who" was enjoyed. The Alumni section was very well developed and we extend our congratulations to the editors. Your idea of giving a brief sketch of each graduate's high school career was a welcome innovation.

TORCH--Napanee Collegiate Institute.

A good magazine on a small scale. You have not many essays and stories but the poetry you have is excellent in quality. However we do not like advertisements in the literary section.

ACTI LUDI—Oshawa High School.

Ah! Here we have a really attractive cover, white with an inviting green banner. Those wide margins on each page add much to the appearance of the magazine but mixing the advertising with the literature tends to lessen the effect. Your exchange column is quite complete but we hope to see "The Collegiate" listed there next time. Here are one or two picked at random from the humour.

Stude—"Is it right Hank's bull-dog died?"

Student-"Yep."

Stude—"What was the complaint?" Student—"There wasn't any. We were all perfectly satisfied."

Twixt the gum-chewing girl And the cud-chewing cow There's some difference you will allow What is it? Oh! I have it now, The intelligent look On the face of the cow.

V()X STUDENTIUM—Port Arthur Collegiate Institute.

After a diligent search we found out where you were from. Your Booster nathber is a most welcome exchange with "Who's Who" playing a very conspicuous part. The literary part of your magazine seems to have been neglected. Then too we do like to see a Table of Contents and an Exchange Column.

YEAR BOOK--Shelburne High School, Shelburne, Ontario.

Another brand new exchange from a brand new collegiate. Even if the number is small we found one very acceptable short story entitled "The Catacombs of Milan." There is a fine school spirit underlying the magazine so we are positive your school will forge ahead quickly. Please continue the exchange.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO MONTH-LY.

Not of the same type as others on our exchange shelf. Each month it contains reports on educational conditions, whole pages on the Alumni and births, deaths and marriages, but is devoid of athletics or humour.

B.C.S.—Bishops College School, Lennox-ville, Quebec.

The "B.C.S." is our best exchange. It has a wonderful cover, first-class literature, excellent sport write-ups and a very entertaining Form Notes section. Our only suggestion is to give your literature one compact, prominent section. A most welcome exchange.

THE VULCAN — Central Technical School, Toronto.

And here is "The Vulcan," able to do away with advertising because the school does its own printing. We liked your style of paper and print; it doesn't glare like most school publications. Congratulations on your Radio Page and good art work.

THE PURPLE AND GOLD—Newmarket High School.

A small two-column magazine with one well-written article "Canada's Part in the Great War." Why not enlarge your sport section?

THE CAMOSUN—Victoria High School, B. C.

It was with pleasure we reviewed "The Camosun" from Victoria, B. C. The Camosun consists almost wholly of reports concerning school activities. Your magazine would be of more interest to the outsider if you developed your literary and humour sections. A few cartoons would brighten up your very neat publication.

THE ORACLE—Chatsworth Continuation School, Chatsworth, Cnt.

"The Oracle" is a small publication but it has the right idea. Every department is represented but there are no cuts at all. Why not have some photos and cartoons? THE ORACLE—Fort William Collegiate Institute.

The small copy of "The Oracle" leads us to expect much from your year book. We look forward with anticipation to the review of your annual.

THE BLACK AND GOLD—St. John's College School, Winnipeg.

A small monthly publication with much excellent reading material. No adverse criticism; we enjoyed every number.

THE TRINITY UNIVERSITY RE-VIEW—

This monthly is well worth reading. The material is balanced and there are plenty of contributions. Cartoons and jokes could be used advantageously to brighten your magazines.

THE SALT SHAKER—Nutana Collegiate Saskatoon, Sask.

The Salt Shaker though small is none the less readable. It has excellent humour.

THE GRUMBLER — Kitchener and Waterloo Collegiate and Vocational School.

An attractive cover with equally attractive contents. You have a good story or two, interesting sport news and plenty of humour. Have you no poets in your school? We like to see an index and an exchange column.

OLD COUNTRY PUBLICATIONS

These magazines are vastly different from those on this side of the water. They are in many cases almost wholly literary with an abundance of athletics. We try to brighten up our publications with numerous cuts, cartoons, snap-pages and much humour but there is an almost complete absence of such in these very welcome foreign numbers.

THE HOLT SCHOOL MAGAZINE—Liverpool, England.

Thanks for the splendid tribute you paid to the last edition of "The Collegiate" The literary work and the very complete exchange column of the Holt School Magazine attracted our favourable attention but couldn't your sport accounts be made more interesting?

SCHOOL REGIA—Royal Veterinary College, Edinburgh.

Well written school activities but we suggest more careful arrangement of material.

SCHOOL NEWS — Royal Belfast Academical Institution.

You have a few entertaining articles and some good poetry but no attempt at humour whatsoever.

THE CANTURIAN-

The Canturian contains brief sport accounts with nothing of much interest to those outside the school.

THE FETTESIAN — Fettes College, Edinburgh.

Your sport section is adequate but some short stories, an essay or two and a joke column would round out your magazine.

THE WATSONIAN—George Watson's College, Edinburgh.

"The Watsonian" has a literary section that is indeed a pleasure to read. Essays, stories, and poetry are all of good quality. Don't you think keeping the advertisements apart would improve appearance of your publications?

THE BLUE—Christ's Hospital, West Horsham.

Devoted almost entirely to school activities. We read with interest about the Prince of Wales visit to your school. We would appreciate comment of our magazine in your exchange column.

AMERICAN SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS

It is a noteworthy fact that many of the American schools publish monthly magazines. Stories and poetry play a prominent part in almost every number and as a result their magazines are of intense interest, even to the outsider. We attempted to increase our American exchanges but we have received no replies as yet. We are pleased to acknowledge the following:

ODDS AND ENDS—Detroit Northwestern High School.

After carefully perusing three or four copies of "Odds and Ends" we decided Northwestern possessed a splendid monthly magazine. With original covers and a wide variety of stories, essays and editorials, it has a different tone from any other we have received. We liked your review of recent books, shows and music. Your school activities are so curtailed that the magazine provides much interesting reading matter for everyone.

ALPHA—New Bedford High School, New Bedford, Mass.

Here's the magazine with page after page of four line verses concerning almost three hundred students. That is an accomplishment indeed but they do become monotonous.

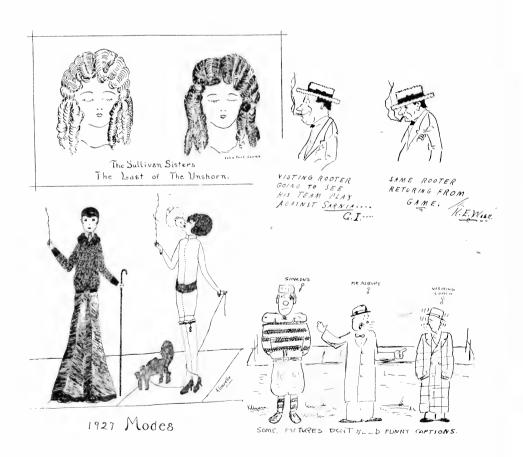
THE RETINA — Waite High School, Toledo.

"The Retina" without a doubt has the most distinctive and best cover we have seen. And the interior is quite as attrac-

tive as the exterior. Every page contains something of interest, even to those not attending your school. We sincerely hope that you will continue to favour us with copies of your publications.

THE TECHIAN--Cass Technical, Detroit.

Thank you for forwarding copies of your weekly. We found many newsy items to read but don't you think you might develop literature in it? Cass Tech. evidently is a large progressive school when it is able to support a weekly of "The Techian's" calibre.





GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The G. A. A. Executive was elected at the beginning of the new school year 1926-27 to carry on the work in the girls' activities. Under its supervision the sporting life of the girls is an active one proven by the existence of Field Day, the two basketball teams and swimming It is hoped that tennis will be revived this year since the new cam-

pus will be in excellent condition for the making of courts early in the spring. The successful candidates for the various offices were:

Hon. President—Miss Fenwick. President—Jean Wheatcroft. Sec.-Treasurer—Muriel Teskey. Curators—

Basket Ball—Bernice Simpson. Swimming—Louise Dawson.

SENIOR TEAM

Since the majority of our veteran players were with us again this year, it was thought the best chance ever to cop the Wossa Championship was at hand. Under the able coaching of Miss Fenwick, who gave the major part of her spare time in coaching us, many new things were learned about passing, etc. One of the strongest teams ever produced from our Collegiate was ready to

co-operate with the Wossa schedule. Our hopes were quelched somewhat, when after the Christmas examinations two of our best forwards, Marion Vanhorne and Vida Simpson were not eligible to play according to the new Wossa ruling. Our forward line was thus greatly crippled but we found in Daisy Richards and Mary Cobban two excellent substitutes, ably filling the positions



GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Back Row Donelda McGeachy, Miss M. Fenwick (Athletic Director), Louise Dawson, Front Row Muriel Teskey, Jean Wheateroft (President), Bernice Simpson,

of the banished regulars. The personnel of the team is as follows:—Capt. Bernice Simpson, Mary Simpson, Jean Wheatcroft, Mary Cobban, Muriel Teskey, Marion Vanhorne, Vida Simpson, Bertha Lewis, Wilma Workman, Thelma MacKay.

These girls were ably supported by Louise Dawson, Patricia Palmer, Velma Kearns, Helen Proutt.

Without the valuable time and coaching of Miss Fenwick the Basket-ball Team would not have had the success it has attained in the last year. So we, as the Basket-ball team wish to extend our thanks to Miss Fenwick for her untiring efforts.

JUNIOR TEAM

This year a larger number of girls seemed to take a more active interest in basket ball than hitherto, and it was found necessary and adadvantageous to form a junior team. Although the season for the junior team was quite short and there was

no incentive as to scheduled games yet the enthusiasm displayed by these players in the practices that they held, speaks well for the success of the Senior Team next year. Much credit is due to Miss Depew who coached the Juniors.

Old Girls' 18-S. C. I. 24

During the Christmas holidays of 1926 the S.C.I. girls played their annual basket ball game with the alumnae. Despite the fact that the Old Girls team consisted of former stars of the Sarnia Collegiate, the blue and white lassies quite ably downed the graduates with a score of 24-18. The contest was entered eagerly by both teams and resulted in a fast exciting game.

Mary Flesher, Helen Fraser, Ruth Kirkpatrick and Leila Fraser aided by the defensive work of Frances Grace, Florence Smith and Marion Henderson brought the score of the visiting team to eighteen, while the school team was carried to victory by the enthusiastic co-operation of the guards with the forwards.

London Central 1/-Sarnia 15

Our girls, unfortunately had no opposition in their district this year and were compelled to depend upon exhibition games for practice. A game was arranged with London Central on December 3rd and this team which defeated our girls in the W.O.S.S.A. finals, was the winner. For London, Grace Rath was the outstanding player, while V. Simpson and B. Lewis were the best for Sarnia.

London 14-Sarnia 16

The return game between L.C.I. and Sarnia was played on Jan. 7, in London. Our girls were the winners with a score of 16-14. Grace Rath and Helen McCormick were the stars for London and B. Simpson turned in a stellar performance for Sarnia.

Strathroy 5-Sarnia 43

The Strathroy girls basket ball team defaulted to Sarnia, giving our girls their district and the right to meet St. Mary's. However, the girls went to Strathroy on Friday, January 28th to play an exhibition game. Our girls were minus the help on the forward line, of Jean Wheatcroft, but found no difficulty in downing the Strathroy lassies. The game ended with the score 43-5. On the whole the team's combination worked very well and as the score would indicate the forwards played a remarkable game. Marion Vanhorne led in the high scoring, while Mary Simpson ran a close second. The Strathroy girls had rather hard luck in their shots but proved no match for the home team.

Port Huron 28-Sarnia 37

On February the twenty-third the girls' basket ball squad journeved across the St. Clair to meet the Port Huron Grads at the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium. In spite of the fact that the team work of the Sarnia girls was cramped owing to the small court, they were victorious over the Port Huron Grads by a score of 37 to 28. The game was a much closer one than the score indicates, for, when Sarnia called time out with one minute to play, learned that they were ahead by merely two points. In the last minute however, seven points were miraculously caged, bringing the final score to S. C. I. 37—Port Huron 28.

St. Mary's 15—Sarnia 28

The first game of the Wossa semi-finals was played with St. Mary's late in February. Both teams were quite evenly matched even though our visitors were defeated with a 28-15 score. It took some time for the blue and white to swing into action but after first quarter, they showed their real ability. Madge Newman was high scorer for St. Mary's, leading with 8 points. Sarnia found a loyal support in Jean Wheatcroft who scored 12 points for her team. Bernice Simpson was an invaluable aid to the local defence who ably kept the red and white to a 15 point score.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Bernice Simpson (Captain), Wilma Workman, Marion VanHerne, Bertha Lewis, Mary Simpson, Muriel Teskey, Jean Wheatereit, Vida Simpson, Thelma McKay, Mary Cobban, Donelda McGeachy (Manager), Miss M. Fenwick (Coach).

St. Mary's 21-Sarnia 19

The return game with the St. Mary's Girls' Basket Ball Team was played in St. Mary's on Friday March 4. The game was keenly contested throughout. At three-quarter time St. Mary's was ahead seven points but during the last quarter the Sarnia girls rallied bringing up their score until the opposing team was victorious by only two points, the score being 21-10, St. Mary's favour.

BASKET BALL FINALS Windsor Tournament

The W.O.S.S.A. finals were decided in a tournament held in the Windsor - Walkerville Technical School during the first week in March. The four teams competing were: St. Mary's Collegiate, Windsor, London and Sarnia. Our girls, although defeated, proved themselves to be worthy of the support of the school and we are proud of their showing, handicapped as they were by lack of competition in their own district.

The draw resulted in Windsor vs St. Mary's and Sarnia vs London. Windsor defeated St. Mary's and our girls lost to London. Windsor and London thus entered the finals while Sarnia and St. Mary's competed for third place. Windsor defeated London winning the championship and our team defeated St. Mary's winning third place in the series.

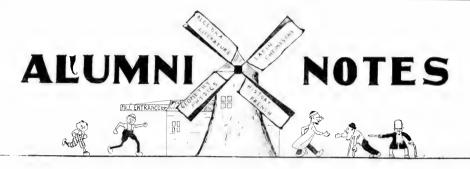
Interform Easket Ball

The Interform Basket ball Tournament was organized again this year, each form being represented by a very enthusiastic team. Many interesting and exciting games were played.

The schedule was arranged by Miss Fenwick and carried out successfully. By a process of elimination the Senior and Junior Champions were decided. This year 4B were winners of the Senior group while 2B Commercial won the Junior Title.

The Senior Championship Team: 4B Collegiate — M. Simpson, E. Woodrow, E. Waghorne, forwards; M. Teskey, T. McKay, F. Wellington, guards; P. Mills, substitute.

The Junior Championship Team: 2B Commercial—E. MacDonald, M. Hillier, K. Glaab, forwards; H. Kennedy, L. Drury, F. Flagg.



With the passing of another year a large number of our students have left the school to enter different walks of life. Some of these are continuing their studies in various colleges and others are now occupying positions in business offices.

Our best wishes go with the new members of the "Alumni" for their highest and most enduring success.

Mr. Grant has retired and is still in the city.

Mrs. Dean Bradley is living on Christina Street.

Miss Jessie Ewart is now Mrs. (Dr.) Cornett, of Hamilton.

Cecil Banwell, Lloyd Hallam and Gerald McVean are attending Toronto University.

Ruth Kirkpatrick and Margaret Hall are at Macdonald Hall in Guelph.

Western University claimed Nadine Paterson, Howard Stuart and Roy Whitfield.

Gleed Workman is at Queen's University in Kingston.

Gwen McKay is studying at Mc-Master.

Mildred McLennan, Lacuta Mundy and Harold Radford are attending London Normal.

Jean Archer and Reta Mills are nurses-in-training at Harper Hospital, Detroit.

Clifford Gardiner is at Stratford Normal.

Bob Page is attending the University of Detroit.

Laura Beeson is in training in Victoria Hospital, London.

Helen Mulligan is at the Normal School in Toronto.

Fergus Allaire is working in Mc-Candless' Drug Store.

Leonard Bryant, Isabelle Turnbull and Margaret Diver are attending the Sarnia Business College.

Jim Burgess is playing in the St. Andrew's Dance Hall orchestra.

Mac Clarry is in London attending Western University.

Gwendolyn Cook is at home this year.

Hazel Crone is teaching at South Porcupine.

Elizabeth Durance is in Dr. Tutt's office.

Bob Ferguson is attending Victoria College, Toronto.

Lyman Kearns has accepted a position in Pontiac.

John Kerr has a position in Pitsburgh.

Isard Lucas is staving at home.

Margaret McCormick is the secretary of the Concord Castle Apts. in Detroit.

George McPhail is with the Imperial Oil, Ltd.

Robert Mills is at home.

Heber Nethery is with the firm of LeSueur, McKinley, LeSueur and Dawson.

Inez Nickels is on the staff of the Sarnia City Dairy.

Doris Prowse is studying music at home.

Bill Sadler is in the Dominion Bank.

Margaret Simpson is on the staff of the Canadian Observer.

Harold Smith is staying at home, this year.

Kenneth Strangway is attending Normal in Toronto.

Grace Barns and Eva Duncan are staving at home this year.

Hilda Bishop is working for the Bell Telephone Co.

Shannon Booth is employed at the Sarnia Gas Office.

Ruth Carter is working in Windsor.

James Causely is employed by R. H. McMann.

Jean Chaytor is working in Mills Bros.

Jean Claxton has a position in the Imperial Oil Office.

Patricia Cranmer has a position in Weir's law office.

Verna Heffron has secured a position in the office of the Great Lakes Foundry Co., Port Huron.

lsabel Gibson is bookkeeper for Lampel and Zierler.

Isabel Turnbull is employed at Muellers.

James Prendergast has also secured a position with Muellers.

Margaret Purser is working in Grinnell's Music Store, Port Huron.

Anna Huggard is on the office staff of the Holmes Foundry Corp.

James Walsh is working in Ingersoll's Drug Store.

Mary Connachie is working in Glass's Confectionery Store.

Helen Donald is working in Detroit.

Margaret Reid is working in the Metropolitan Store.

John Manore is employed at Imperial Oil, Limited.

Winnifred Day has accepted a position with Kresges Store, Port Huron.

Lotty Prudom is working in the Metropolitan Store.

Pauline Stevenson is working in the office of Clark's Coal Co.

Norma Temple has accepted a position in C. L. Brown's Real Estate Office.

Jenny Wise is at home this year. Latimer Acton is working for the C. N. R.

John Fraser is in the Drafting Department of the Imperial Oil, Ltd.

Gertrude Mathers is staying at home this year.

Fred McMahen is working in Detroit.

Mildred Moore has accepted a position in Mills Bros.

Bruce Houston is Junior Clerk in the Bank of Toronto.

Ruby Jackson is staying at home this year.

Mabel Kirkpatrick has a position with Laidlaw Belton Lumber Co.

Muriel Langan is in the office of O. B. Mueller, Sarnia.

Robert Gleeson is working at the Imperial Oil, Limited.

Allan Warwick is working in Detroit.

Clifford Lannin and Fred Whitcombe are employed in the Royal Bank, Sarnia.

Tommy Baird is attending Junior College, Port Huron.

Helen McArthur is employed at the Imperial Oil Office.

Marjorie Hughes is attending Alma College, St. Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Maitland (Bruce and Mary) are residing in Flint.

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Burleigh (ne Norine Gibb) are remaining in Sarnia. Ellis Wright is working in Detroit.

Muriel Thompson has accepted a position with Smith Bros. Grocers in Port Huron.

Edna Wilson is working in the Sarnia Fruit Store.

Pearl Kirby is working in the Pt. Huron Credit Bureau.

Inez Steele is attending Business College this year.

Gladys MacGregor is on the staff of the Sarnia Canadian Observer.

Eddie Hargrove is working in Detroit.

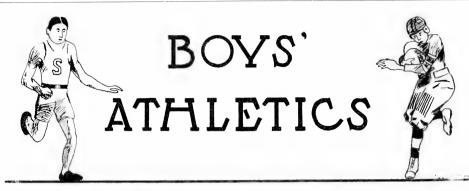
Hazen Lambert has accepted a position in the drafting department at the Sarnia Bridge Works.

Kenneth Paltridge is working in Pontiac.

William Smith is staying at home this year.

In Memoriam

Stanley Crompton Garfield Tennant James Glass



Once again the S. C. I. Football Teams have come through in a splendid manner. This year is very exceptional, in the fact that Sarnia has both Senior and Junior W.O.S.S.A. Championships. This is the first time that one school has held both trophies since the organization of the Wossa. Although Hamilton won the Interscholastic title, it was due to the breaks of the game, which always decide the issue between two evenly matched teams. The Juniors practically won their championship when they overcame the lead of Assumption College at Sandwich. This outstanding victory put the proper fight into the Juniors, so that they easily outplayed St. Thomas in the finals. Having both Senior and Junior Championships, the school should be able to field a very strong Senior team next year.

As Sarnia has no arena, there were no Sarnia hockey teams in competition this year. It will only be a matter of a couple of more years, before Sarnians will have forgotten entirely about the winter pastime. Owing to the fact that several members of last year's team did not have a high enough percentage in their studies W.O.S.S.A. Basketball was also dropped. A school league was run, junior and senior, which produced several players

who, let us hope, will later be seen in Wossa Competition.

The standard of the Track team has been gradually lowered, with the result that they hardly collect more than three points in the three classes. The school that was once feared at the W.O.S.S.A. track meet has new become an "also ran." There have been no apparent efforts as yet made this year to develop a strong team. Unless there is a better showing than last year, it is time that determined efforts were made to produce a strong track team.

RUGBY

S.C.I. & T.S. 1-Old Boys' 0

In accordance with the custom of previous years, the first game of the season was with the veterans. Owing to the condition of the field, very little good rugby was displayed by either team and the old game of two bucks and a kick was the order of the day. In the kicking department the collegians showed their superiority and it was Carter's boot which accounted for the only point of the game. At full time, the veterans,

who had been very voluble regarding their great superiority prior to the contest, staggered off the field at the short end of the I-O score. Owing to the understanding that the game had been postponed, only a small crowd was present to witness the display of rugby and acquatics.

S.C.I. 11—Petrolia 2

The team opened the W.O.S.S.A. season in Petrolia when they played



BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Back Rows Sam Ivinson, Mr. C. Keeber (Athletic Director), Karl Wise, Front Rows-Hubert Potter, Howard Carter (President), Cyril Teskey, Jack McWatters,

the P. H. S. Seniors. Petrolia, this year, produced a well balanced team with a pair of backfield men of no mean calibre. McHattie, the flashy little sprinter, and Madery, the lanky booter, were the two threats of the Hard Oils. Petrolia had two bad breaks in the first period, when two fumbles were recovered by the Sarnians, for two touchdowns. Although they fought back gamely, were unable to make any major points and the game ended Sarnia 11, Petrolia 2.

The Sarnians worked quite smoothly but were a little short on condition. Teskey turned in a good game at quarter and gave promise of proving himself a real quarter. As is usual, there is always a shortage of material at the first of the season but before long the school always produces a championship aggregation.

S.C.I. 10-Petrolia 9.

The return game with the Hard Oils was played at the new Athletic

Having been delayed, the Petrolia boys were penalized ten vards on the kick-off, but from then on they took charge of the battle, the half time score being 9-3 for Petrolia. However, the blue and white came back in the second half and showed what a fighting Sarnia crew really looked like. They showed a complete reversal of form mainly due to the pointed remarks made by the team's staunch supporter and friend, Smut Haney, during the rest period. Fighting furiously the Sarnians emerged from their worst "off day" of the season with the score, Sarnia 10, Petrolia 9, thus eliminating Petrolia from the race.

S.C.I. 30-Windsor 1.

Contrary to expectations Windsor proved little opposition to the blue and white who scored almost at will. Sarnia scored five touchdowns, Patterson, Fraser, McGibbon, Cook and Carter each crossing the line with the pigskin. Windsor's only threat was their stocky little half,

Jeffers, whose tricky broken field running gave Sarnia plenty to do when on the defensive.

S.C.I. 34-Windsor 5

The following Saturday was practically a repitition of the game in Windsor. Sarnia amassed 34 points while Jeffers, the great little half man of the visitors, squirmed his way over for five points. Carter kicked well and received great support from the line, the ends travelling down under every kick. Teskey was good at quarter and Gord Paterson uncorked some fine running even with the field in such a condi-For Windsor, Jeffers, again was the only man worthy of mention. This game definitely put Windsor into the discard for the W.O.S.S.A. race.

S.C.I. 16—St. Thomas 0.

The blue and white lived up to the tradition of previous years when they defeated the Tom Cats 16-0. Owing to Sarnia's superiority in the booting department, the Seniors elected to play a kicking game and showed their wisdom as every point was the direct result of a kick. Four rouges, four deadline boots and Potter's field goal made cleven, and Teskey's perfect onside to Carter in the last period brought the total up to 16. A record crowd was in attendance and the presence of the school band was greatly appreciated by players and fans alike.

S.C.I. 0—St. Thomas 3

The local gridders received their only set back in the W.O.S.S.A. series when St. Thomas defeated them 3-o. The game was played on a slippery mud covered field which precluded the possibility of a display of good rugby. The Sarnians resorted to a defensive game and the Tom Cats were unable to cross their goal line for any major points although they were in there fighting

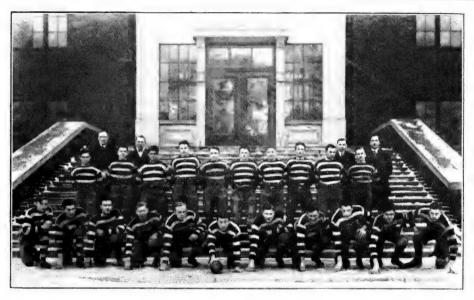
all the time. St. Thomas took advantage of every chance to boot and owe their three points to their good fortune in this respect.

S.C.I. 16-Kitchener 2

Sarnia's distinct superiority in all departments of the game was clearly demonstrated when they defeated Kitchener 16-2 in the first game of the W.O.S.S.A. finals. The tackling and general defensive work of the blue and white was outstanding and the much touted Kitchener backs were securely bottled up. On the offensive they had the necessary punch that produces scores. Potter and the other backs were pulling nice runs on the offensive, while on the defensive Stover, Cook, Mattingly and Misner stood out. the kick-off Kitchener scored a point owing to the short field so the blue and white started the game with a one point deficit. This only served as a spur to the whole team who went in and fought the Kitchener lads until the final whistle. Fravne and Carter scored touches and Carter's booting led to many extra yards on returned kicks.

S.C.I. 9-Kitchener 1

Kitchener was no match for the Sarnians on their own field and for the third consecutive time Sarnia emerged from the struggle with the W. O. S. S. A Championship. though the visitors made vards frequently due to the efforts of McKay, Vaughn and Schneider, the tackling of the Sarnia crew kept them well cooped up in their own end of the The line played a splendid field. game and excelled in defensive work. Kitchener forced Carter to rouge for their only point in the early part of the game. Teskey's onside to Carter in the last frame gave the locals their touchdown and Carter's toe and the tackling of the Sarnians accounted for the other points.



SEXIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row B. Jennings, (Asst. ceach), Roy Brown (Manager), Ress Gray (Ceach), F. C. Asbury (Principal).

(Principal).

Middle Row Ross Strain, Gordon Paterson, Cyril Teskey, Howard Carter (Captain), Hubert Potter, Clifford Frayne, Kenneth Fraser, Byron Spears, Richard Park, Jack McWatters,

Front Row Jack Stubbs, Glen Finch, Ray Cook, Charlie Richards, Ralph Misner, Ross Nicol, Dayton Stover, Gordon Mattingley, Dwight Simmons, Norman Patterson, Donald McGibbon.

S.C.I. 4-Delta 18

Delta caught the Sarnians on an off day and with two phenomenal breaks which added touchdowns, defeated the locals 18-4. In the second quarter Welch, the Hamilton booter, trickled through the Sarnians for a 100 yard run and a touch. In the last quarter, McBeth, a Delta lineman blocked a kick and ran the ball over the line without any opposition. The whole Sarnia team fought gamely, but found it hard to cope with the terrific plunges of Zwonkin and Gillies. Welch on the Hamilton backfield played a splendid game and materially aided in his team's win.

S.C.I. 2-Delta 3

Fighting gamely to the last, carrying the fight to the Deltas for the full sixty minutes the S. C. I. bowed before the Hamilton team to the score of 3-2. This close score indicates the very slight difference between the teams and as one tiger scribe put it, Welch was the extra punch which Delta were fortunate enough to possess. The game was full of exciting situations and despite weather and ground conditions splendid rugby was put up by both teams. For Delta, Welch and Evans on the back field and the work of Gillies and Zwonkin were features. The latter's penchant for questionable tactics, however, rather clouded an otherwise brilliant display. Sarnia was brought to the front by the work of Carter, Teskev and Strain, assisted by the linemen who played a splendid game. Carter outplayed Welch in the kicking and catching but Welch featured on running back The field was a mass of slush and slime and made fast rugby impossible. Delta was in possession of the ball when the whistle rang down the curtain on the Canadian rugby season of 1926.

Hamilton Herald gives the Sarnians a real tribute. "For straight defensive ability and a splendid combination of brawn and football brains the only answer is Sarnia." Let us hope for an Interscholastic Championship for the blue and white next fall.

NOTES

The students Executive wish to take this opportunity of thanking the Laidlaw-Belton Lumber Co. for the use of their truck. Through the kindness of Mr. F. Richards this privilege was granted to our teams. It is consideration like this from the business men of the city that aids the team on their way to the championships.

The school owe their thanks to the Park Board for allowing the school to use the Athletic Park for the Petrolia Game. Although the park was not officially opened until a week later, the Collegiate team was the first and also the last to use the new field for the 1926 football season.

The team owe their thanks to Dr. G. Gray for the way in which he looked after the injured players. Due to him Fraser and Frayne were kept in the game all season. Teaching First Aid and Joxing along with looking after the football players has made "Goldie" a great favourite with the boys of the school. For the good of the school it is to be hoped that Dr. Gray can be with us again next year.

Hamilton Herald (about game in Sarnia)—"The Delta halfbacks wore gloves, covered with resin, and several of the linemen wore toques, but the hardy Sarnia lads scorned such effeminate apparel, and two of the Lambton County sons appeared without stockings of any sort. How they could stand the cold and snow and wind on the bare limbs is a question only they or an Eskimo could answer."

From a Hamilton paper—"It was eminently fitting that the last battle for the Championship of the entire Dominion was fought to the finish by two teams that showed such a desire to give everything they had for the honor of their schools. Under conditions totally unsuited to football, the student footballers forgot everything but the promise of the laurel crowns awaiting the victors, and the title of champions was conceded to the Delta lads only after the Sarnians had fought desparately from start to finish, not only to win the game but also to overcome the 14 point lead secured by Delta in the first game at Sarnia.

The Seniors played eleven games scoring 133 points and had scored against them 44 points. Hamilton scored 21 points and Petrolia 11. The Juniors played six games scoring 70 points, and had 29 points scored against them. The seniors lost three games and the juniors one game during the 1926 football season.

During the season the senior team made a school record. They played six consecutive games and no player was penalized. These games were with Windsor, St. Thomas and Kitchener. Considering the fact four of these games were in the semi-finals and finals, it is a very worthy record for future teams to strive to break. It is indeed a splendid example of sportsmanship, clean play and good football.

Although Wilfred Haney had no connection with the Senior Rugby team, outside of being an ardent supporter, we owe much to him. At half-time in the Petrolia game here, when the boys were six points down and "Dolly" was absent on business, what "Smut" said gave them enough fight to come out on the right end of a 10-9 score.

PERSONNEL OF SENIOR RUGBY TEAM



GORDON MATTINGLEY

(3) (Inside)

With three years' experience "Matt" was one of the team's veterans. A good lineman, adept at paving the way for gains through the line. He was associate manager for 1926.

(8) DAYTON STOVER

(Inside)

A newcomer to the game and the find of the season. Without any experience whatever he stepped in when called upon and played like a veteran. Due to his aggressiveness many of the opponents' plays were smothered in the embryo.

(6) HOWARD CARTER

(Centre half)

"How" was last year's captain and led the team through a very creditable season. His experience added steadiness to the backfield. Between he and Strain or Paterson they formed a splendid pair of safety men.

(20) CLIFFORD FRAYNE

(Flying wing)

In spite of treuble with his knee "Cliff" played regular, A hard tackler and a strong plunger made him an ideal flying wing. A bear on secondary defens. He is captain for 1927.

(13) JACK STUBBS

(Left end)

Rather light but effective. His hard low tackling nipped many end runs in the bud. With added weight and confidence he will make an exceptional end next scason.

(17) ROSS NICOL

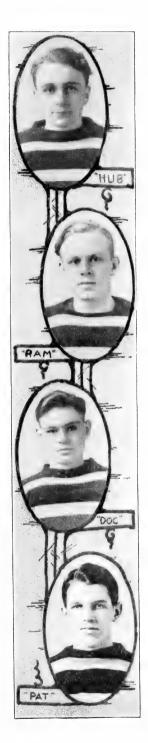
(Snap)

"Red" stepped into the snap position with little or no experience but that did not deter him. Net only did he develop into an accurate passer, but was a tower of strength on the defensive.

(11) RAY COOK (Middle)

Another veteran, "Cooky" played the best rugby of his carcer. A splendid lineman with lots of weight. His plunging and tackling were always outstanding.





(19) HUBERT POTTER

(Left half)

A half who calld run with the best of them. The surest tackler on the team and could always be depended on to get his man. We are sorry to lose Hubert.

(5) CYRIL TESKEY

(Quarterback)

With two year's experience behind him, "Ted's" knowledge of the game named him as the man to handle the team. He not only showed decided ability in this line, but also was a great defessive player. Down under every kick "Ted" was a sure tackler and added much strength to the secondary defence.

(15) RALPH MISNER

(Inside)

A strong, steady lineman. His defensive work was always of sterling quality and his ability at interference outstanding. Ralph should play a great game this fall.

(18) KENNETH FRASER

(Left half)

"Ken" and Potter alternated on lett half. A good plunger and tast hard ball-carrier, he was always good for a gain. He will be back next fall.

7) ROSS STRAIN

(Right hali)

"Doc's" ability to eatch and his speed made him an excellent safety man. His tackling feaiured every game. One of next fall's best prospects.

(1) DONALD MIGIBBON

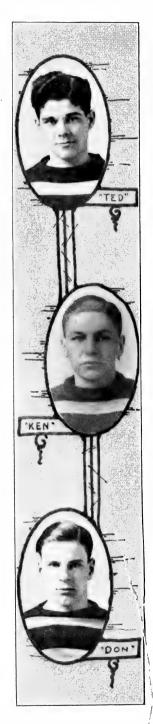
(Right end)

"Don" was a strong fast runner and tenacious tackler. His greatest ability, however, rested in his knack of keeping his opponent out of the play and keeping humself in it. Don and Jack should make a great pair of ends next season.

(2) GORDON PATERSON

(Right half)

Playing his first year with the seniors, "Pat" started off as a sub. However, his ability to eatch and his tricky running made at impossible to keep him on the bench. Another for the coming season.





NORMAN PATTERSON

(10) (Middle)

Coming up from the juniors, last season "Norm" played stellar rugby all fall. A fierce, agressive lineman made him instrumental in deciding three or four games by spectacular 20 yard plunges.

(4) RICHARD PARK

(Flying Wing)

Last season was "Dick's" first at rugby. Owing to the fact that he was big and fast he soon developed into a good ball-carrier and a splendid secondary defense man.

(16) DWIGHT SIMMONS

(Inside)

Last season "Buff" came up from the juniors. The fact that line positions were exceptionally scarce prevented him from taking part in many games. However, with last year's experience he should prove of invaluable assistance to this year's team.

(21) BYRON SPEARS

(Half)

His first year in the Senior series. A strong runner and a good booter, with more experience he should develop into an exceptional kicker. A promising prospect for the 1927 season.

(9) CHARLIE RICHARDS (Middle)

Another man in his first senior series. Charlie's build and strength made him an effective lineman. With lots of grit and nerve Charlie looks good for a splendid season this fall.

(12) GLEN FINCH

(End)

One of the numerous newcomers, Glen's determination in his tackling earned him his place on the team. He could stay with the best of them for the full sixty minutes.

(14) JACK McWATTERS (End)

"Jake" was our utility man. He was a hard tackler and speedy ball carrier. An end or half position suited him equally well.





ROSS W. GRAY

Again this year as in the past two we must give great credit to our coach "Dolly" Gray for our success of 1926. His knowledge of the game is apparent when we remember that this is the third successive Wossa Rugby championship which he has brought to this school. The interest he showed individually to the team inspired the boys to win for him and the S. C. I.

ROY BROWN (Manager)

Although over age by only a few days Roy was unable to play. However, he willingly accepted the position of Manager and looked after the team in a most creditable manner. He was always ready to help or encourage the fellows.

BEATTY JENNINGS

Speaking of our success in 1926, we must gratefully acknowledge the work of "Son" who assisted "Dolly" in the coaching duties. One could not possibly find two men such as Mr. Gray and Mr. Jennings who were more faithful coaches, both sacrificing business and leisure hours in the interests of the team.

JUNIOR RUGBY

Sarnia 13—Chatham 1

Showing a plunging offensive that could not be denied and a very effective defense that seldom faltered. the Collegiate Juniors trotted to victory over Chatham by a 13-1 As indicated by the score the Junior squad had a very strong and fast going team led by Bill Twaits at quarter. George Clark. husky Sarnia half went through the Chatham line continuously for vards.

In the second quarter the locals took the lead when they obtained possession of the ball on the sixty yard line and plunged and ran the ball over for a touchdown. In the last quarter Bell scored another touchdown which Moore converted.

For Chatham, Perkins, the lanky half was the best. Twice he broke away, once for a forty-five yard gain, both on fake kicks; but other than that Sarnia had the best of the play throughout.

Sarnia 10-Chatham 7.

The second game of the Junior Series was played in Chatham. Showing more fight than they did in the first game, the Chatham High School handed the Sarnia Juniors a stiff argument and only a recovered fumble in the last quarter kept the Sarnia string of wins intact, and gave the blue and white a 10-7 win over the Maple City crew.

The score at half time was 6-5 in favour of the Chatham Juniors. In the third quarter they booted another point and with a few minutes to go in the last period the fast following Sarnia ends grabbed a fumbled ball and sprinted twentyfive yards for a touchdown, which

was not converted.

Sarnia won the round 23-8, qualifying to meet Assumption College Juniors in the next round for the district honors.

Sarnia 5—Assumption College 9.

Playing on a field that was soggy and partially covered with water the Collegiate Juniors were defeated 9-5. This was their only loss of the season at the hands of Assumption College of Windsor, at Bayview Park, in the third game of the W.O. S.S.A. series. The field was in such a condition that it made teamwork of any sort impossible.

In the second period Sarnia scored their only touchdown of the game. But in the third period Assumption came back and scored seven points which the Juniors could not overcome although they made a valiant

attempt in the last period.

Twaits, the Sarnia quarter, played a splendid game and was given good support by Wise, Moore, Vanhorne and Clark, but the state of the field prevented any long runs or spectacular plays.

Sarnia 19—Assumption 6

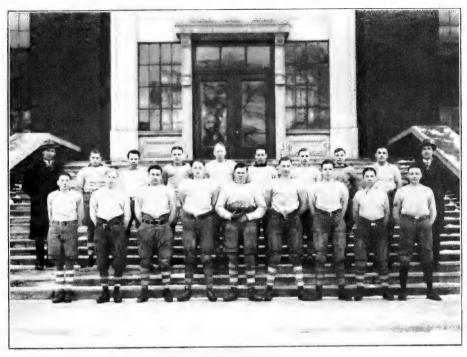
Varied and forceful playing with few errors gave the Sarnia Collegiate Juniors the district title in the Junior "W.O.S.S.A." when they defeated Assumption College 19-6 in the return game played in Sandwich Nov. 6. The juniors demonstrated that the game in Sarnia was no indication of their merit and that they were a superior team, suited to carry the battle on into the finals.

Sarnia did not win on breaks but on ability and team work. In the second quarter their captain, George Clark, was forced to retire from the game for twelve minutes but he gamely volunteered to go in again

at half time.

Vanhorne, Sarnia's diminutive flying wing, made one of the prettiest plays of the game, and paved the way for a Sarnia point when he stepped through the Assumption interference and intercepted a pass on an end run.

If there was one outstanding play-



JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM-1926

Back Row- Carl Manore (Coach), C. Brush, G. Moore, C. Wise, R. Corey, L. Wemple, J. Simmons, C. Addison, L. Patterson, F. C. Asbury (Principal).

Front Row L. McKay, W. Twaits (Mgr.) C. Cook, W. Williams, G. Clark (Captain) D. Isbistér, K. Bell, A. Lawson, P. Churchill.

er in the game. Captain Clark deserves the credit as he made two touchdowns and several points on kicks. "Dinty" Moore also made a name for himself when he made the first Sarnia touchdown about three minutes after the commencement of play. But every member on the team worked to score and the victory would not have been possible had not the line been steady and the secondary defence remained firm.

Sarnia 1-St. Thomas 0.

Playing a staunch, determined game throughout, the Sarnia Collegiate Juniors won the first game of the "W. O. S. S. A." finals in St. Thomas, Saturday, Nov. 22, when they defeated the St. Thomas Juniors 1-0 on a snow covered and slippery field. As the score indicates

the game was a fight from start to finish and Sarnia won on their ability to present a solid line in time of need.

The Sarnia backfield was not at home on the slippery snow-covered field but even as it was they presented a good account of themselves. Sarnia's first point, which was made in the early part of the game, should have counted five. Twaits kicked an onside, which went over the St. Thomas goal line, was fumbled by a St. Thomas man and recovered by Vanhorne; but the referee was evidently snow blind as he claimed a St. Thomas man had his hands on the ball and called it one point.

Even though the weather was bitterly cold and the field in poor condition for playing, every man on the team played a heady and resolute game.

Sarnia 19-St. Thomas 6.

Playing a steady but hard fought game in the Athletic Park on Saturday, Nov. 29, the Sarnia Collegiate Juniors won the junior 'W.O.S.S.A.' Championship, for the first time in the history of the school, from St. Thomas by a score of 19-6 on the home game and 20-6 on the round.

The Juniors were not playing at full strength as Bill Twaits, the regular quarter, was compelled to stay out of the game owing to illness. The breach was ably filled by 'Dinty' Moore who conducted the team like a veteran, until the last quarter when he was relieved by Twaits, who insisted on getting into the game for a few minutes.

The Juniors faltered only once in their decisive march to victory and that in the last quarter, but the lull was only momentary. So with head, heart and hand combined to insure the Championship, the Juniors amply demonstrated that they were able to bear the Junior "W.O. S.S.A." crests for the 1926 season.

BOXING

For a considerable time Mr. Keeber has wanted boxing taught in the school. Accordingly, when Dr. W. G. Gray offered to instruct a class and circumstances permitted one to be formed, the necessary boxing-gloves were procured and other arrangements completed. After the Christmas vacation it was announced that boxing lessons would be given for the boys interested in

that line of athletic work. The sponsors of the plan were pleased with the enthusiastic response. Thirty-five boys were enrolled and a nominal fee collected from them. Beginning on January 15th, after school, classes have been held twice weekly. Although but a short time has elapsed since then the pupils have made considerable progress under the able tutelage of "Goldie."

BASKETBALL

After the close of a very successful rugby season, the school eagerly welcomed basketball and looked forward to carrying their honours afar in this field. But from the first fate seemed to be against them, for the team had no coach to instruct them and the practices drew only a few. A team was at last picked out, Ted Teskey being chosen Captain and ably managed by Hubert Potter The line-up was a good one and the team would have carried the school colours far into the series,—but, riddled by age and scholastic difficulties the team was ineligible to play in W.O.S.S.A. and of necessity defaulted to Strathroy, playing exhibition games for the remainder of the season.

Line-up—Forwards, H. Potter, G. Patterson, S. Ivenson, T. McKay, E.

Morran; Centre, H. Carter; Guards, T. Teskey, R. Brown, R. Nicol, G. Mattingly.

Old Boys 41-S.C.I. 3

In this, the first game of the season, the school was completely snowed under by the fast playing of the old boys. The team was unable to stop Hallam, McDougall and Currie, and this speedy combination soon piled up a healthy score over the school. Our forwards, in attempts at retaliation, could not fathom the heavy defence of the grads, and went down to defeat.

Port Huron H. S.18-S. C. I. 11.

The blue and white were still in the throes of defeat when they met Port Huron on our floor. Our boys lacked the smoothness and smartness that the Port Huron team supplied, and were outplayed both in shooting and checking. The game was a clean one and the teams showed much improvement in team play, fighting to the very end. It was the first time in some years that a Port Huron team downed the S.C.I. on our home floor.

S.C.I. 19—J.B.A. 17.

At last the team has fallen into its winning pace and their speed and combination proved to be a little too much for the local O.B.A. squad. The game was full of action from start to finish, with Carter starring all through, netting eleven points.

S.C.I. 18-Port Huron H. S. 13

At the top of their form the school went to Port Huron, there to defeat the H. S. in a game which was fast and clean. The blue and white had the edge on Port Huron who were unable to check Potter and Carter, these two being the chief scorers for the Collegiate.



The Archeologist

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EDITORIALS

In this issue of the Archeologist it is with much interest we announce the discovery of the ancient town of Sardnia, near Lake Huron. It is the result of many patient years of excavation by the world famous Archeologist, Professor Ivanofulcoff, R.S.V.P., P.D.Q., F.O.B. Aside from scientific motives the professor has a personal interest as one of his ancestors known as, "When for the Winter."

"Wheyface the Mighty," was said to have inhabited these regions,

Evidently these people had some premonition of the fate which finally wiped them off the face of the earth since a low, flat building was found which seems to indicate that it was built thus to withstand the disturbances of the earth's crust that seemingly swallowed the town and a great part of the surrounding territory. Along the corridors of this building, stored in niches, were found many mathematical treatises which along with the barred windows would lead one to believe that this was an insane asylum for mathematicians. A number of volumes have also been uncarthed which are of great historical importance. Among these were found many crude portraits which give us an intimate insight to many of their social activities, their work and their play. Their mode of writing and language is very difficult to decipher. In the ensuing editions of this magazine we are going to try to give you some idea of their customs and life by means of the portraits and pictures found, a great many of which were taken from life.

The first of these, which is also the most adaptable to our purpose is a full page of action pictures representing a championship rugger team of the year 1026, neary 700 years ago. Who they defeated we are unable to learn but their chief battles seem to have been with some tribe known as Stthomas. The stature of these players is a matter of much debate among the archeologists. They are unable to account for the immense change in the physique of these men with the average height of seven feet to-day, all of which has taken place in the comparatively short era of seven hundred years. Our language, too, is entirely different. As may be seen from the picture, theirs was but a series of unintelligible howls and gurgles. The names of the players have been determined with much difficulty by the professor and a

key to the numbers may be found on pages 95, 96 and 97.

We will endeavour to give you some idea of their game by comparing it with ours. However, we cannot hope to form any definite opinions on the manner in which their game was conducted since our only means of comparison is the above mentioned pictures and a few accounts of their games

which were for the most part indecipherable.

From the picture it is very difficult to determine exactly how many players participated in the game. We believe that the play was very rough, judging from the weapons used. As can be seen No. 5 holds a javelin, while No. 13 is evidently in the habit of throwing bricks. These practices are said to have originated in the battles with Petrolia among whom this art was developed to a high efficiency. This crude manner of attacking opponents evidently necessitated the constant attendance of the ambulance in charge of No. 9. Therefore we assume that those who are sitting down are substitute players to replace the dead and wounded. Among these are No's. 2, 4, 7, 16 and 21. The careless attitude these people had towards life and limb is shown by the eagerness of No's. 1 and 7 to take part in the game.



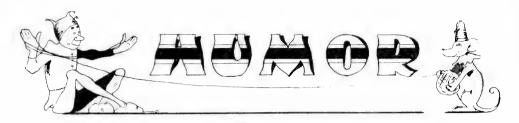
They are standing up, ready to fill in when a breach should appear in the ranks. They could also receive their wounds with a smile as No. 8 conclusively shows. The strength of the game is a matter of much controversy but the fact that No. 16 has his lunch with him seems to indicate that the time of play varies and he has come prepared for a long siege.

The ball they used seems to have been much the same type as the one now in use, which is shown by No. 10 who seems to be in the action of straight-arming much after the fashion of the present time. No. 17 shows excellent form for the drop-kick, but why they permitted girls to participate in this dangerous sport seems to have no precedent in any other prehistoric annals of sport. For examples see No's. 1, 4, 10, 13, 17, 21. From accounts of their battles we know that several of the players entered the game with bare legs. However, we are unable to find any previous record of a player wearing a uniform, such as that worn by No. 20. Why the player who was chosen as captain for the year 1927 should appear thus, would certainly prove a startling revelation to our code of ethics. Indeed our only solution to this question is that he is waiting his turn to take a bath as No. 11, who from all accounts, is removing surplus dirt accumulated in, what was then an annual classic, the Old Fellows' game, probably played on marshy ground to prevent injury.

Many answers have been advanced for the fact that No. 18 is riding a horse, an animal now extinct. The most probable of these is either that the horse was used as a means of escape or that he occupied the position known as "Flying Wing", so called on account of his swift flight. We are able to determine the positions played by these men only in a few cases. No. 12 is known as the "snapper" while from the far-away look of No's, 15 and 10 we assume that they were the "stand-off halfs." No. 3 is evidently the goal-keeper since he is standing beside a goalpost. The duty of No. 14 was, as official dispatch carrier to keep the whole team aware of the activities of the enemy and if possible to learn their plans. The name of No. 6 exactly corresponds to that of a great archeologist of this time, whose activities in the historic land of Egypt in the discovery of King Tutankhamen's tomb brought great fame. Whether or not this is the same man we are unable to learn owing to the inaccuracy of the records and the extreme difficulty with which they are translated.

In the next issue we will continue our articles on the "Life and Customs of 1926." The picture upon which we shall base our article is composed of about thirty people, entirely different from those just studied. In contrast to the innocent features of these, theirs are grim and cruel, boding evil for anyone who chanced to cross their path.





Mrs. Urquhart—"Rose, can you give the derivation of 'Auditorium'." Donald—"From Audio, to hear, and Taurus, bull. A place where . . Mrs. Urquhart—"That will do, that will do."

* * * *

Seems too silly for anything, but we've simply got to ask some one how the "hot dogs" keep that way in the winter time.

Naturalists tell us that black bears are not dangerous. Indeed, he says, if you put your hand out in a friendly gesture the bear might lick it. But if you appear nervous or menacing the bear might mistake your hand for a pickled pig's foot.

* * * * *

The little lamb that follows Mary to school these days wears a jazz sweater and balloon pants.

When people ask you to sing, don't be bashful—go ahead and do it, It will be their own fault.

Some girls use dumb-bells to get color in their cheeks and lots of them use color on their cheeks to get dumb-bells.

When the farmer's son returned from his first spell of soldiering, his fond father asked him how he liked the life.

"It's not so bad," was the answer, "but I can't get used to being called by a number instead of a name. At church parade last week, the clergyman said: 'No. 375; Art thou weary, art thou sad?' and because I had the decency to say "That's all right, old bean, get on with the service," there was the very dickens of a shindy."

Mrs. Jones (to her husband): "Henry, I wish you had better manners. I noticed that you dusted the chair at Mrs. Blake's before you sat down, and her little son was watching you."

Henry: "Yes, I was watching him too. I'm too old a fish to be caught on a bent pin."

"Do you collect anything?"

"I collect my thoughts, sometimes."

"H'm. The specimens you get must be very rare.

* * * * *

"Are you fond of Hogg's tales?" asked the lady visitor, striking up a conversation with the picturesque shepherd.

"Yes, I likes 'em roasted, with salt on," was the response.

"No, no," I mean, have you read Hogg's tales?"

"No," volunteered the rustic. "My hogs is all white er black; there ain't a red one amongst em."

Judge—"The officer says you were acting queerly last night." Prisoner—"Not guilty, your Honour."

Judge—"He states that you were climbing a telegraph pole."

Prisoner—"Judge, I climbed that pole to get away from a pink alligator and two blue elephants that were chasing me.'

Judge—"\$25.00 and costs."

George Clark—"What kind of dog is that?" Bailey French-"That's my new police-dog." George—"It looks like a terrier to me. Bailey—"It's a police-dog in disguise." * * * *

Magistrate—"After you were held up, did you call the police?" Victim—"Yes sir, everything I could think of in three languages."

Muriel Teskey-"When the tourist arrived home, he fell on his face and kissed the sidewalk of his native city."

Ross Nicol—"Banana-oil." Muriel—"No, banana-peel."

Mary Simpson—"My, you look snappy to-day." Iean Wheatcroft—"I'm sorry, I haven't a quarter here." Mary S.—"Say, can't you take a joke?"

Famous Last Words

Be home early, boy. Is that so? We're out of gas. I'll walk thanks. Go to the office. Detention to-night. You're through at school, find a job.

The Optimist

Dora—"I see your cracked lip is getting better." Irish—"Yes, I've quit kissing girls at parties." Dora—"Or have they quit kissing you?" Irish—"Oh no, they're peeved about it."

Lackie-"What is the best method to prevent the diseases caused by biting insects?"

Leckie—"Don't bite the insects."

Teacher-"How many are there in your family?"

Student-"Nine, Sir.'

Teacher—"Are you the oldest?"

Student-"No, my father is."

"The next person to interrupt the proceedings will be sent home," said the irrate judge.

"Hurrah," shouted the prisoner.

Misner—"I've got a Parker pen date with my girl to-night." Simmons—"How come?"

Misner—"Unbreakable.'

Freshman—"Say, could you tell me how I could find the Chemistry Room?"

Roy Brown—"Sure, ask somebody."

* * * *

McGibbon—"Do you know Wendy?" A. Kennedy—"Wendy who?" Don—"Wendy we cat."

* * * *

Miss Harris—"Why did Hannibal cross the Alps?" Brush—"For the same reason the hen crossed the road. You don't catch me with no puzzles."

BOYS OF 4A

Carmen Jones is strong and fast In athletics he's in a single class McGibbon too is very good Whose plunges in rugby can ne'er be withstood.

Jimmy Richards short and sweet Comes to school five days a week, On the high bar in gym he is very zealous To make the other fellows jealous.

Leland Wemple has a permanent wave, Which will go with him to his grave, He learned to dance a while ago And now you ought to see him go.

Dwight Simmons with his big feet, Can step half way across the street, On the high-bar too the lazy chump Doesn't even have to jump.

Shirley Logan is almost as long "I haven't it done," is his favourite song. Fat Kennedy too talks during French And has long ago received a front bench.

Kenneth Porter is our shick, And knows his lessons every week. He also is very fond of the girls, He tickles their chins and smooths their curls.

* * * *

Mr. Andrews—"I want a pair of spec-rimmed hornicles—I mean sporn-rimmed hectacles. Confound—I mean heck-rimmed spernicles—"
Shopwalker—"I know what you mean sir. Clerk, show the gentle-

man a pair of rim-sperned hectacles."

* * * *

Tom (on visit to Detroit)—"What have you in the parcel?"
Stubbs—"One of those new portable radios."
McKay—"See if you can't tune in "The Star Spangled Banner" and we

might perchance get a good seat in the grandstand."

We Want to Know

How does a catfish?
Where has poor polygon?
Why did the two cent stamp?
Where does Richard Park?
What did Roswald Strain?
How many horses do you think Sir Galahad?
Did Sir Walter Raleigh after the battle?
Speaking of Cleopatra when did Julius Caesar?
Where did Howard Carter?
What did Charlie Brush?
Whom did Fran Kane?
What did Ray Cook?
Why is Karl Wise?
What did Mr. Earl Asker?

Mr. Keeber—"Did you take a shower, Wheatley?" Wheatley—"Why no! Is there one missing?"

Miss Brown—"Can you name a city in Alaska?" Ellis—"No, m'm." Miss Brown—"Excellent."

* * * *

Mr. Keeber (in a pacifistic mood)—"Boys do you know what the Good Book says about scrapping."

McWatters—"Aw pshaw! Mr. Keeber, fighting isn't one of those things you can get out of a book."

Collins (whispering to Parks during class)

Mr. Gray—"Never mind recalling those Sunday-night episodes, Collins. We thought the younger generation had changed."

A well-known doctor in a certain town is very much annoyed by an old lady who is sure to accost him in the street, for the purpose of telling over her ailments. Once she met him on the main street of the town, as he was in a very great hurry.

"Ah, I see you are quite feeble," said the doctor, "shut your eyes and show me your tongue."

She obeyed, and the doctor moving quietly off left her standing there, to the infinite amusement of all witnesses.

Hard oil sounds rough, Hard oil is crude To the ear of us learned It surely sounds rude.

But in our town Hard oil's refined So when you're here, Keep that in mind.

THE RUGBY TEAM

The rugby pants are stiff with frozen mud, Upon the lonely road the senior rugby team limps by Skirting the frozen pools; their way is lost, Also their sweat-shirts

But from the snow patched campus chill and drear, Lifting our eyes to see old Carter's punt. With white-fire lips apart you pow and rear, Until someone chews your ear.

Out of a fur-coat the voice of one replies, Whose words make clouds and stars and chance to play When for my the anguished footsic cries. Deep in its bed of clay.

Ralph Misner.

COMING SOON TO THE CRESCENT

"Prince of Tempters"—Edwin Morrow.

"God Gave Me Twenty Cents"—Tom McKay.

"Red Hot Hoofs"-Mary McIntyre.

"The Hidden Way"—Sie Iter Ad Astra.

"The Hidden Way"—Sie Iter Ad Astra.

"Men of Steel"—Elmer Moore and Bill Lackie.

"Poker Faces"—The Brown Sisters.

"The Way to Glory"—The nite before exams.

"Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!—Bill Twaits.

"The Great Deception"—The Sodalitas' Dance.

"Diplomacy"—Showing the report at home.

"The Sea Beast"—Bill Ewener.

"Ladies at Play"—Miss Harris at Badminton.

"Early to Wed"—S.C.I. Graduates.

"Hold that Lion"—Senior Rugby Team.

"The Mystery Club"—The fraternity.

"The Mystery Club"—The fraternity.

"Sunny Side Up"---Ross Nicol.

"We're in the Army Now"—"B" Company.
"The Thundering Herd"—The Russian Ballet.

"Three 'Bad' Men"—Neal, Jack and Tom.
"One Minute to Play"—Jr. Rugby Team at Assumption.
"Bigger than Barnums"—The Circus.

"The Midnight Sun"—How Carter.
"Risky Business"—Forging Notes.
"The Cowboy Cop"—Buff Simmons.

"The Blonde Saint"—Mary Simpson.

An Aristocrat?

Inspector in room 310. A bright-eyed youngster anxious to impress the visitor.

Teacher—"What's an aristocrat?"

Boy—"It has something to do with United States." Roars from the class; puzzleth mirth on faces of teacher and visitor.

Teacher—"Explain your statement please."

Boy-Well, instead of liberals and conservatives they have republicans and aristocrats over there."

(Perhaps some of our southern neighbors will appreciate the grossness of this youthful answer.)

Prophets?

Teacher—"What race do you associate with the word prophet?" Irish girl—"Jews!"

Teacher (half-surprised at the correct answer)—"Yes, why?"

I. G.—"Well they always make a lot of money."

* * * * The Only Way

Speaking on the values of a college training the lecturer tells of a student who started poor twenty years ago and has retired with a comfortable fortune of \$150,000. This money was acquired through industry economy, conscientious efforts to give full value, indominitable perseverance, and the death of an uncle who left him \$149,999.50.

* * * *

The head of a coal firm irritated beyond endurance at a driver's blunders, told the man to go to the office and get his pay and not come back.

"You are so confounded thick headed you can't learn anything," he

shouted.

"Begorra," answered the driver, "I learned wan thing since I've been with ye!"

"What's that?" snapped the other. "That seventeen hundred make a ton."

* * * *

MacKay—"Why does my girl close her eyes while she is being kissed?" Dalziel—"Look in the mirror."

* * * *

1st tramp—"I graduated from college in four years." 2nd tramp—"Gwan, you ain't that smart."

1st Tramp-"Yes, I am, I was taking a two year course."

* * * *

Brown—"I'm never going to see her again."

Stubbs-"Why, did her old man drive you away?"

Brown—"No, but the ambulance man did."

* * * *

Dainty Young Thing-"Simmons has a trick car."

Boy Friend—"Howzat?"
Dainty Young Thing—"It plays dead in the most convenient places."

Gardiner (rushing into Library)—"I want "The Life of Caesar."

Librarian—"Sorry, but Brutus beat you to it."

* * * *

Bailey—"Doc. can you cure me of snoring? I snore so loud I awaken myself."

Doctor—"In that case you should sleep in another room."

* * * * *

Mr Dent (in Chemistry class)—"Don't you think you are straining a point in your explanation, Finch?"

Finch—"Maybe I am, but one often has to strain things to make them clear.

* * *

Miss Burriss—"Give me a sentence with the word 'analyse'!"
Mary—"My sister Annie says she never makes love, but oh how
Analyze."

The hero was explaining his heroic actions in ridding the country of a marauding beast "Yes," he said, "just about midnight I heard the noise of a prowling beast outside the door of our hut. I crept out and shot it down in my pajamas."

"But Bob how in the world did it get in your pajamas?" drawled a

sleepy listener from the rear of the group.

Scotty (on Sunday morning)—"Give me change for a dime, please." Druggist—"Here you are sir, I hope you enjoy the sermon." * * * * *

Radio Fan—"We get Havana every night."
Ditto—"That's nothing, we get Bacon on the Rhine every morning."

* * * * *

The "long" and "short" of the S.C.I. and T.S. are Mr. Russ and Tom Needham.

Mr. Treitz—"Burley, were you making a face at Muriel?" Burley—"No, Sir."
Mr. Treitz—"Oh, beg your pardon, I thought you were."

A Short Poem

Roses are red, Violets are blue, Sugar is sweet, I need a new collar.

A pert protozon named Phyllis Remarked to a microbe named Willis Don't call me a germ, Invisible worm— My dad was a deadly bacillus.

* * * *

If you don't feel just right, If you can't sleep at night, If you moan and sigh, If your throat is dry, If you can't smoke or drink, If your grub tastes like ink, If you're got cold feet, If you're got cold feet, If you're head's in a swirl—Why don't you marry the girl?

Wilton—"When I was younger the doctors said that if I didn't quit smoking, I would become feeble-minded."

Dorothy—"Well, why didn't you stop?"

Stover—"You a Scotchman and you don't play golf?"
Rose—"No, not now, I used to but I was forced to give it up."
Dayton—"What happened?"
Harold—"I lost my ball."

Mrs. M.—"What are all these N.B's. on your report for?" Joan—"Oh that means Not Bad."

A Subscription List

There are papers and magazines for all of us "Everybodys," sailors should take to "The Atlantic Monthly," soldiers "The Veteran," communists "The Red Book," aristocrats "The Blue Book," tired people to "Outing," pugilists "Punch". flappers "The Mirror", artists "The Daily Sketch," politicians "John Bull," college boys "The Collegian," newlyweds "Good House-keeping.," and workers in ebony "Blackwoods." But, prisoners usually want "Liberty," historians "The Forum," watch and clock-makers "The Dial," librarians "The Bookman," bookworms "The Literary Digest," and astrologers' "The Stars." However, most business men appreciate "Saturday Night," and everyone is usually pleased with "The World."

* * * *

Mr. McKay—"Did you say you had the boys out for a drive last night?"

Tom- "Yes Father."

Mr. M.—"Well I wish they wouldn't leave their powder puts in the back seat."

* * * *

Inspector—"Can anyone tell me what LXXX is?" Garret—1B—"Please sir that means love and kisses."

Doc Fraser—"Mr. Dore what were you in the Great War, a private or Lieutenant?"

Mr. Dore—"Neither, I was an Admiral."

* * * *

Pat—"Mike did you hear the story about the Scotchman who went insane?"

Mike—"No; how was that?"

Pat—"Oh he bought a score card at a ball game and neither town scored.

Nicol to stranger—"Where are you from?"

Stranger—"Chicago."

Flaming Youth—"Show me your bullet wounds."

Inspector—"I understand, boy, your school now boasts of a circus." Isbister—"No, sir, we don't boast of it."

Frayne—"What movement for a watch do you like best?" Mattingley—"The Hula-Hula, I believe."

Principal to janitress—"Look here, I can write my name in the dust on this desk."

New janitress—"Gawsh, 'aint eddication grand."

"How did Petrolia get its hard name?"

"More men reported for the football team than were registered in the school."

Day—"Hello Miss Brown."

Helen—"I beg your pardon, you've made a mistake."

Wilton—"Aren't you the little girl I kissed at the party last night?" Helen—"It must have been my sister, she's sick."

Helen—"Dan is a prince of a fellow."

Marie—"Yes I've often wanted to crown him myself."

Park—"Vain one, why dost sip thus from thy saucer?"

Finch—"I do not sip foolhardy, I but test the resistance of the porcelain."

* * * *

Stubbs—"How did yodeling originate?"

Twaits—"I suppose one must do something in Switzerland."

* * * * *

Teskey—"Have you heard how the automobile has lengthened life in the United States?"

Cord—"Prevents over-exertion, I suppose."

Ted—"Not that so much but its cut down the death's from old age about eighty per cent."

Colonel—"Were you ever gassed?"

Lieut. Nicol—"Yes, but I didn't buy the car."

Don McG.—"What is the date, please?"

Mr. Andrews—"Never mind the date; the examination is more important.

Don.—"Well sir I wanted to have something right on the paper."

Waiter to Cook in Hamilton restaurant—"We have hard boiled eggs and soft boiled eggs."

Cook—"But I said I didn't want eggs." Waiter—"Well then supper is over."

Mr. Andrew's to boy in cloak-room—"Are you a student?" Youth—"No, I just go to school here."

Ist Drunk—"Wat did the Doctor sy fer yer cold mate?"

Drunk No. 2—"Drink water he sez. But hi tried a whole arf glaws o' the blinking stuff three weeks ago come Friday and I ain't cured yet."

La Femme to Stover at Hamilton game—"How in the world did you ever get so big and strong."

That school girl complexion—"Well you see, my mother insisted that I go to public school and wear curls till I was fourteen."

Gawsh, said the sparrow as a fourteen inch shell just missed him, they must be hard up for meat.

Teachers and members of the department before examination time, might ponder the thought, "any fool can ask questions that no wise man can answer."

Miss Harris—"We learn that dice were invented in Ancient Greece in the 13th Century."

Butfalo Simmons—"We always figured it was in 7 or 11 A.D."—African

Dominoes.

Mrs. Urquhart (translating and explaining the following passage to Vth)—"quo simul mearis, nec signa vini sortiere talis."

When you have gone you will no longer—nec."

Mr. Andrew's—"Where were you vesterday, Milliken?"

Milliken—"I was sick, sir."

Mr. Andrew's-"Were you sick with Payne?"

Teacher—"Lang, is this oral original?"

Lang—"Yes, all except a few words you may find in the dictionary."

* * * *

Teacher—"McLeister, I am tempted to shake you.

McLeister—"Yield not to temptation."

Physics Teacher—"A tin can is an inanimate object. How can one produce almost illimitable speed and power."

Hon. Teskey—"Tie it to a dog's tail."

Teachers' Famous Passwords

Mr. Keeber—"Come on you hair-brained ass.

Mr. Grav—"Upon what theorem does it depend.

Mr. Dent—"I will tell you when to move."

Mr. Dennis—"Wait until the clock says four. Then you all may go, and not until then."

Mr. Dobbins—(in orchestra) "Baw Boo. Baw." (in class) "Look at my muscle from sawing.'

Mr. Dore—"See page 4, section 2." Mr. Andrews—"Come on, you hoboes, keep to the railing."

Mr. Fielding—"Cease fire—change targets." Miss Burriss—"All right class, you may go." Miss Scarrow—"I'm afraid you'll have to go to the office."

Miss Pugh—"Sit down until vou are dismissed!"

Mrs. Urquhart—"Scribbling books at once for your daily dozen."

Miss Ferguson—"Boys, get in line." Miss Harris—"That's a bare-faced lie."

Miss Nichol--"Tear that out and draw it over again."

Miss Brown—"I'll see you after four."

Mr. Treitz-Does not believe in words, but believes in the old saying, "action speaks louder than words."

"Dear Mr. Dennis." wrote little Nola's mother, "kindly excuse Nola's absence from school vesterday afternoon, as she fell in the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige her mother.

"Red" Nicol

This poem's written about old "Red", You know the bird with the "red-hot" head On the rugby team he's the guy called snap, He tackles like an old bear trap.

In school I don't know about his brains, In fact, he hasn't all he claims, But you never can tell 'cause the teachers say He's an innocent kid and as bright as day.

You ought to see him in the gym, He doesn't care 'bout life or limb. He hustles down our nice new floor And slams the ball right through the door. Some say that Red's gonna be a mess, But I think that he'll be a big success, Lets drink to his wife (we wonder who)? I wish him good luck and the same to you. Ode to "Red Nicol" from 2A "ite".

* * * *

Miss Harris—"Who signed the Magna Charta?"
Freshie—"Please Miss Harris, it wasn't me."
Miss Harris (disgustingly)—"Oh take your seat."
Inspector—"Here, call that boy back. I don't like his manner. I believe he did do it."

Things We Can't Imagine

Dwight Simmons in knee pants
Marion Sullivan with a boyish bob.
Dayton Stover flustered.
Mr. Andrews with his hair combed.
Florence Andrews on a Kiddy Kar.
Ted Teskey with a moustache.
Shirley Logan whispering very quietly and meekly.
Jim Ritchie cutting up.
Elmer Moore playing rugby.
Mr. Keeber without a grin.
S. C. I. Senior Rugby Team being invited back to Windsor Hotel.
Kitchener.
Bill Lackie getting athletic.

Daughter—"How do you like my new party gown, father." Father—"Why daughter, you surely aren't going out with half your back exposed?"

Daughter (looking in mirror)—"How stupid of me. I have this dress

on backwards.'

Under the heading: "Gas Overcomes Girl While Taking Bath" the following appeared in a newspaper:

Miss Cecilia M. Jones owes her life to the watchfulness of Joel Colley,

elevator boy, and Rufus Bacon, janitor.

New Scientific Discovery

It has been discovered by certain forms that an animal called the Jackass haunts the region of Mr. Dore's room. This strange animal enters the room in the form of an innocent First Former and then takes on the characteristics peculiar to his breed. The Jackass is perfectly harmless, and contents itself with acting as dumb as possible and taking up the time and attention of the remainder of the form. Upon being questioned by one of the pupils in his class as to the appearance of this animal, the inspiring reply was, "Just like you only with longer ears." It is believed that the Jackass is some relation to the ass which has been lately discovered by Mr. Keene amongst his students.

Tom—"Why did you hit the cleaner, Stover?" Dayton—"He removed a spot from my clothes." McKay—"Isn't he supposed to do that?" Stover—"To be sure, but this was a ten-spot."

Bill—"How's your poultry farm coming along Payne?"

Pavne—"Not very good I've been swindled. I bought three different incubators and not one of them has laid an egg yet."

Dan—"Did you hear about Morrow in Detroit last week looking for the Free Press building to get his suit cleaned up?"

Bill—"That's nothing. Why just last week Ritchie was in the new Detroit Library looking for the Book Cadillac."

Eleanor—"May I speak to the captain?"

First Mate—"He's forward miss."

Eleanor—"Oh I'm not afraid. I've been out with the Sarnia Collegiate boys."

Traveller's message to an Innkeeper—"Extricate my quadruped from the vehicle. Estabulate him. Donate to him an adequate supply of nutritious elements, and when the aurora sun shall illuminate the Oriental horizon, I shall reward thee with a pecuniary recompense suitable to thy amiable hospitality.'

Innkeeper—"Yes, yer honor."

When asked how he got out of prison a witty rogue replied, "I got out of my cell by ingenuity, ran up the stairs with agility, crawled out the back window in secrecy, slid down the lightning-rod with rapidity, walked out of town with dignity, and am now basking in the sunshine of liberty." * * * *

In Grandmother's day all the young people looked before they leaped. Now they leap and let the world do the looking.

A.—"I was cited for bravery and got a medal."

B.—"I was sighted with the rum fleet and got five years."

* * * *

Roy B.—"Did you ever take one of those German mud-bath treatments?"

Bill E.—"No, but I played in the Old Boys' rugby game last fall."

Spears (telling the boys about his recent hunt)—"Why fellows my

gun let our a roar, and in the clearing ahead of us there lay two dead rabbits." Wise—"How long had they been dead?"

Barber—"Hair-cut, sir?"

Teskey-"Yes, but don't make it too short; I don't want to look too effeminate."

Stover (after the Old Boys' game)—"What happened Gord. Were you in an accident?"

Mattingley-"No! I was being shaved by a lady barber when a mouse ran across the room."

Teacher—"Tommy do you know your letters?"

Tommy—"Yes sir; let 'er go, and let 'er rip."
Teacher—"Bright boy. Go to the tap and wet your head. A brain of such fertility can not be kept too moist."

The Modern Son

Mother—"Tommy, run to the store and get me some sugar."
Tommy—"Excuse me mother, I am somewhat indisposed this morning. Send father, and tell him to bring me a plug of tobacco."

* * * * *

So It Would

A citizen who was marketing had his attention drawn by a boy of some twelve years, who seemed anxious to get hold of one of the many water-melons piled up in the market. It seemed like a good chance to sow a seed in the lad's mind, so the citizen beckoned the boy and asked, "My boy would you like to steal one of those water-melons?"

"Yes sir," was the reply.

"You would eh. I am sorry to hear that. If you should steal one of those melons, my boy, do you know what the result might be?"

The boy scratched his head and surveyed the pile again. "Yes sir, I spect the plaguey thing would be green all the way through."

* * * * *

Cap—"Say Bill what's good for a girl's fallen arches."

Bill—"Rubber heels."

Cap—"What do you rub them with?"

* * * *

Miss N.—"Have you ever done any public speaking?"
Rose—"Well, I proposed to a girl over the telephone in my home town once."

Dan—"So that's your new tie. Why on earth did you select such a loud colour?"

Ted—"I didn't select it. My brother did and he is rather deaf."

* * * * *

Wilmer—"Do you know who that sweet little girl is that I've been dancing with all the evening?"

Glad.—"Oh, yes, that's mother!"

Dolly—"You're great Cooky! The way you buck the line, dodge, and pick your holes is wonderful. You must have been born to it."

Ray-"Not exactly, but when I went to public school mother used to

take me shopping with her on 'dollar days'."

Ralph—"How did you like the rugby game?"
Augora—"It was terrible, they didn't even play. Why just at the start Ted got the ball and started to run with it and everyone else got rough and started to jump on their opponents."

Ruth—"Until I bought a car I never knew that profanity was so general." Eleanor—"Why, do you hear much of it while driving on the road?" Ruth—"I sure do. Everyone I bump into swears terribly."

* * * * *

Harold—"There was something funny about you last night." Helen—"Oh yes, but I sent him home as soon as I could."

Miss Harris—"What was Brock noted for?"
Mercurio—"His wonderful memory."
Miss Harris—"What makes you think he had a great memory?"
Mike...."Didn't they erect a monument to it?"

Scotty—"Ross, what is limburger cheese composed of?" Nicol—"It's not composed, it's decomposed."

A bum had parked himself in front of a Jew's jewelry shop and the Jew came out and expostulated thus:

"If you vanta buy a vatch, buy a vatch; and if you don't vanta buy a vatch get oud of der road and let the vatches see the peoples.' * * * *

The Difference

New Butler—"In my old place I took things pretty easy." Boss-"Well it is not that way here, we keep everything locked up." * * * *

"Pardon me but are you sure it was a marriage license you gave me on the 10th of March.'

The clerk looked up and said "Yes." "Well I've led a dog's life ever since." * * * *

Try These on Your Victrola

"Ain't she Sweet?"—Myrle.

"Nobody's Sweeheart"—Dayton Stover.

"I wonder how I look when I'm asleep."—Red Nicol.

"Wistful and Blue"—B. B. Team. "Baby Face"—Mary Marshall.

"My Baby Knows How"—Mr. Andrews.
"The Birth of the Blues"—S.C.I. Orchestra.

"Broken-Hearted"—Miss Taylor after V form French exams.

"Two of Us"—Leisje and Hubert.

"Put Your Arms Where They Belong"-Don McGibbon.

"You Won't be Missed 100 yrs. from Now"-Principal's Office.

"Here I Am"-Mr. Fielding.

"When I First Met Mary"—G. Patterson.

"Sunday"—Bill Twaites. "Nize Baby"—Mr. Gray.

"Everything's Made for Love"—Shirley Logan. "I'm In Love Again"—Ralph Misner.

"I Want You In My Arms Again."-Mr. Eberley.

"What Does It Matter"—Easter Exams.

"Alone At Last"-Norine and Mike. "Thinking Of You"-Bruce Dalziel.

"Crazy Words, Crazy Tune"—Lawrence Cragg.

"I Don't Believe It But Say It Again"-Joan Mitchell. "My Sweetie's Due at Two to Two Today"-D. Simmons.

"Blue Skies"—After Dept. Exams.

"High, High Up in the Hills"-Mr. Russ, 7' 6".

"I Never See Maggie Alone"-Bob Flynn.

"Lonely Eves"—Vida Simpson.

"Red Riding Hood"-Marion Sullivan. "She's the Last Word"—Miss Robertson.

Miss B. Flatt will now sing that famous Spanish onion song entitled "Why Should I Cry Over You."

Miss N.—"Do you wish to hear Poe's raven?" A whisper-"No your ravings are enough."

The Students' Lament

Tune—(The Prisoner's Song). Oh! I wish I had some one to wake me In the morn, so that I'll be on time; And not have to wake by the town clock, And hear the dumb thing striking nine!

Some morning I'll be in the office For having two lates in a day; And then Mr. Asbury will scold me, And after four I'll have to stay.

But this thing could be easily bettered If I climbed into bed every night, Just about two hours earlier Then everything would be all right.

"I don't see how a man can put a nasty old pipe in his mouth." exclaimed the sweet young thing—and then she stooped over and kissed her pet bull dog.

She—"What's that bump on the front of the car." He—"Oh, the radiator just had a boil."

He—"My what a beautiful arm you have." She—"I got that playing basket-ball." He—"Do you ever play football?"

* * * * * *

Father (sternly)—"Young man I saw you put your arm around my daughter last night."

Carter—"I suppose you noticed how she struggled too."

A shapely girl was Mary Jane, She got all wet out in the rain Her dress so thin, Clung to her skin— There is no loss without some gain!

Miss Ferguson—"Rose, what case does a preposition govern?" Harold—"An abverb."

3A Every Day

A studious lad is our Garnett When he's got something hard and can't He says something bad (darn it) For he gets very mad, Do you know what he says—just consarn it.

Doug. Ritchie, a Scottishman bold Is a shark at math'matics we're told But speaking of history It sure is a mystery, He hasn't been often knocked cold.

So's Lorenzo Decou in 3A And a serious chap I must say, He has views quite profound Which he will propound At every time of the day.

Ralph Misner's a big burly chap.
In school he's a kind of a sap.
But as he's on the team
We won't criticize heem
E'en though there's not much 'neath his cap.

* * * * *

Willie in a fit of gall
Drank some wooden alcohol,
Willie died and Ma was pensive
Alcohol was so expensive.

* * * * *

Mr. Andrews—"Brown, where is your note for absence."
R. Brown (writing hurriedly)—"I'll have it up there in a minute."

* * * * *

Abie—"Fadder, you told me you would give me a dollar effery time I got a "A" on my report. I got two last week."

Fadder—"Well, here's two dollars Abic. Now quit studying so much;

it's bad for you."

How to Make Yourse!f Popular With Teachers

1. When anyone else is reproved laugh loud and long.

2. If your fellow pupil is translating poorly, assist him in a loud whisper and then say you were talking to yourself.

3. Crack the old-timer about Christmas Cheer when the word "spirit"

appears in a poem.

4. Shuffle loudly when the teacher asks all those who were talking to stand, and then gaze around expectantly for the thundering applause.

5. Reply, all injured innocence, the moment after a ten minute con-

versation that you were not talking just then.

6. Ask in a tense voice what something means which has just been translated at length.

7. Brightly volunteer an answer just given.

8. Translate "Mon Dieu" literally from French and then look apologetic as if it were a slip.

Lives of great men all remind us. As their pages o'er we turn, That we are apt to leave behind us Letters that we ought to burn.

* * * * *

Once Chris Columbus said "The world Is round". But to his sorrow We find the world is mighty flat When coin we try to borrow.

NOTICE

On Thursday, Feb. 31, 1928

in

KOMOKAHALL, KOMOKA

The Zeigfeldt Minstrels present

TUTANKHAMEN AT THERMOPYLAE

(Cr-The Charge of the Light Brigade)

The play is realistically given by actors of more or LESS talent, correctly attired in Tuxedos and Armour, mounted on camels. The costumes are strikingly original in that one half of the audience are in bathing suits and the others are in their seats.

The Battle Scenes are tremendous; horses and aeroplanes are flying in all directions at once; while heavy siege guns discharge over-ripe tomatoes

and eggs at the balcony.

The background of the stage shows the interior of the Casino at Monte Carlo while in the foreground the fountain of La Louvre splashes magnificently over the orchestra; in the wings one can see Cheops building his pyramid with toy blocks and the orchestra leader putting resin on his violin.

Curtain falls then rises to the tune of "Horses, Horses, Crazy over

Horses" played as an overture by the orchestra.

ACT I—Scene 1

In the first scene King Tut drives up to the Louvre Fountain in his Rolls-Royce. He leaps out and, striking a match on a statue, lights his pipe; he then enquires for the rest of the army. A traffic officer informs him that they have gone to defend Thermopylae from the Persians, Germans, Arabs, or what do you offer?...King Tut is annoyed and says unprintable things in bad French. Curtain Falls.

SAME ACT-Scene H

Same Curtain Rises.

In the second scene the Casino and the Louvre Fountain have disappeared and we find a row of mountains in their place. The Greek army is calmly eating its lunch in the shade of the pass. On the other side of the stage we notice a Persian (German or Arab) spying upon them with a pair of field glasses.

The drummer in the orchestra has broken a leg. King Tut gallops furiously up on a motor-cycle dressed in plus fours and gives the order to hold the pass at all costs. The Persians (Germans or Arabs) attack furiously but are driven back by a large number of police dogs disguised as Pekinese

hounds. Curtain Falls.

Still the Same Act—Scene III

Same Curtain still rises

The Persians (Germans or Arabs) are again attacking and half the Greeks are apparently dead. The battle stops for several moments while the enemy retire behind the pass to drink "Whistle." In the meantime the traitor (you can tell him by his traditional beard, moustache and sinister expression) sneaks forward and places a "Detour" sign at the Persian (German or Arab) entrance of the pass. At a signal from the orchestra leader the

battle recommences. The guns roar, the Greeks shout their war cry "Yes We Have No Bananas" while the Persians (etc.) leaving half their army to glare impotently at the "Detour" sign, the rest run around behind the stage and fall on the brave defenders from the rear. Curtain Falls.

ACT I—Scene IV

Same Curtain As Aforesaid.

In this scene King Tut is shown galloping up Front St. on his trained donkey closely pursued by Hannibal in a Star Coupe. After many narrow escapes and entirely disregarding all stop signs, King Tut is cornered between the Casino and the Louvre Fountain just as he was about to board the next boat for Petrolia. Hannibal swiftly draws a bow and arrow from his hip pocket and attempts to stab King Tut in the breast. King Tut dodges and hurls a copy of Webster's Dictionary at his opponent. Hannibal slips on a banana peel and expires, murmuring reproachfully "tut, tut, tut, et tu, Tut." Curtain falls and kills orchestra leader.

For those who are unfamiliar with Komoka we suggest that they take a P.M. car at Sarnia and transfer at Yonge and College Sts., Toronto, and walk back; by that time they will be too tired to do more than kill Mr. Jos.McKeown, author, playwright and actor of the part of King Tut.

Admission F.O.B.

Children	cents
Adults15	cents
Twins	\$1.00

Seats are included in Admission.



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Autograph Page

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To you men and women, who are not living here to-day, possibly because you have felt that Sarnia did not offer the possibilities of expansion, we would gladly have you investigate conditions as they are at present. We believe that we can show you that Sarnia has "turned the corner" and has started on the broad highway of progress to become one of the foremost cities of this Proud Dominion.

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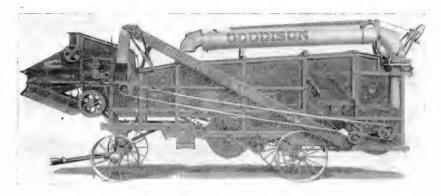
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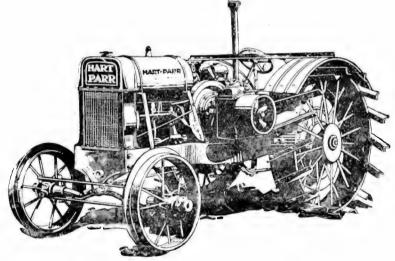
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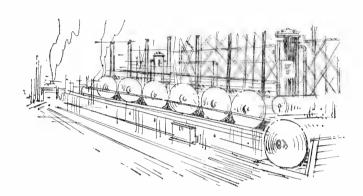
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